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an equivalent measure of justice on its side, the press will exercise a similar restraint; but some instinct or other seems to warn us against expecting that it will.

RAILWAY-TRAVEL, however, is meanwhile getting into the class of extra-hazardous occupations, and will undoubtedly become worse and more dangerous before it improves. It is at the point now where no passenger-train should be allowed to move without having a director of the company strapped to the cowcatcher. The fish-stories published by the railways about the condition of their rolling-stock and motive power, are not impressive. Anyone by travelling twenty miles out of New York and keeping his eyes open, can get a sufficient idea of the condition of the equipment. The newspapers say that engine-drivers and firemen are becoming restless, and we should think they might. We believe that public opinion would largely justify them in a strike, if they would put it on the ground of self-protection and protection of the public, as they have every reason for doing. They are now risking their own lives and the lives of passengers by taking out equipment that they know is unsafe, and trying to keep it up to schedule. We question their right to do this. At the very least we think that the public has a right to demand that the engineers' and conductors' unions should publish the reports that are made to them about the condition of motive power and passenger rolling-stock. They can honourably do no less, it seems to us, than give the public the benefit of their inside information, so that if one has to take a train, one may make some sort of rough calculation on one's chances of getting through alive.

THE recent proposal of Mr. John S. Sumner, who succeeded the worthy Anthony Comstock as chief inquisitor of the arts and sciences in this country, that authors and publishers submit to a voluntary censorship, contains certain assertions which we think are somewhat misleading. "Next to the instinct of self-preservation—the hunger-instinct—the sex-impulses are the most urgent," wrote Mr. Sumner. "In our present social life the hunger-instinct has been pretty well taken care of—we hear of few offences due to lack of food. Society requires that the sex-impulse should be curbed." If Mr. Sumner will make a study of the numerous crimes against property which have marked the industrial depression of the past few years, we are confident that he will find that the instinct of self-preservation rather than the sex instinct was the principal motive force. That being the case, we see no reason why Mr. Sumner should not devote all his abounding energies to the suppression of the chief instinct of man, the instinct of hunger, and go harrying the great army of manufacturers of patent foods, delicatessen-men and *restaurateurs* whose wicked lures so rouse the human passions. The instinct of hunger surely lies at the bottom of most of the malevolencies of our social life. Let Mr. Sumner declare war on it. As for that secondary evil, the sex-impulse, Mr. Sumner can easily eliminate it by making compulsory a simple operation on American infants of either sex. The beauty of this solution is that the remedy would not have to be applied beyond one generation.

THE forces of vicarious righteousness have already been responsible for a decivilization of our national life which this country could scarcely afford. To a great extent

CURRENT COMMENT.

APPARENTLY in the present state of our political development the advantage of the direct primary is that it gives the electors two chances to vote against something, and they seem to be availing themselves happily of this negative opportunity. It is a bad year for political orthodoxy. On the same day that the good people of Kansas were registering their disaffection from normalcy by voting into private life Representative Campbell, the powerful chairman of the House Committee on Rules, their neighbours across the Missouri border made an effective sideswipe at the Democratic leadership by according a renomination to Senator Reed, who had been officially outlawed by the party machine and most specifically excommunicated by Mr. Woodrow Wilson. It is true that Mr. Reed's opponent, Mr. Breckinridge Long, has no more personality than any other politician of the alley-cat type, but powerful forces were arrayed on his side, including the Democratic State machine and the organizations that favour maintaining the Government as a sort of political Mrs. Grundy. In effect, Mr. Reed's campaign was compounded mainly of rum and rebellion, and the home folks out in Missouri expressed a decided preference for both. This conspicuous victory of Mr. Wilson's chief party-opponent would seem to mark the finish of the Wilsonian shibboleths, especially the mendacious sentimentalities about the League of Nations. The Democratic chiefs are faced with the task of inventing a new line of hokum.

If President Harding had wished to play into the hands of the railway-executives, he could not have done so more directly than by suggesting that they give way to the striking shopmen on the point of restoring seniority-rights. This is the one point where it seems to us that the operators can most easily get public opinion with them. It is the one point upon which we do not see how the operators could possibly give way. Any man, any body of men, has the right to quit work at any time and under any circumstances; but when men quit work, they drop out of line, as they do at a ticket-window, and if their place is restored, it is only as a concession. The plea of the operators has a great deal of justice in it and it has the appearance of justice as well, which as Mayor Gaynor used to say, is sometimes as important as justice itself. Thus it was, perhaps, that the press could consider itself excused from making a great fuss about the operators "setting at naught and flouting the authority of the Government." We hope that whenever labour has

they have succeeded in enforcing upon the individual at least an outward semblance of conformity with their peculiar ideal of personal conduct. Now, in their effort to harness all spiritual activity and force it into the strait and narrow way of a special conception of morality, they have begun to produce upon certain industries a peculiar effect to which we have already once or twice adverted, namely: a tendency to organize along guild-lines. We have already had conspicuous examples of this in the organization of the motion-picture producers under the dictatorship of Mr. Hays, and, more recently, of the theatrical producers under Mr. Thomas. The latest hint of such organization is this attempt of Mr. Sumner to persuade publishers to unite in placing their business under the control of a Committee on Ethics, which shall pass upon the morality of literary efforts and decide whether or not they shall be published.

THE organization of industry along guild-lines has always appealed to this paper as a logical and useful development, because of the greater freedom from dependence upon the political organization that is implied in it. But the business of organizing for the purpose of forestalling a vicious censorship by beating the censors to it, is in a different category. The political organization, in response to a continued pressure from specially interested parties, has created various censorships whose business it is to meddle in the affairs of certain industries; and the people engaged in those industries, instead of uniting in a refusal to be interfered with, have united for the purpose of doing the work of the censors for them, in order to escape prosecution. In other words, this kind of organization has the appearance but not the substance of guild-organization; it is in reality organization for the purpose of playing safe; it is a yielding to the political power. It happens that the itch for regulation from which our reformers suffer is shown in its most aggravated form when the people to be regulated have anything to do with the arts. It is unfortunate that their mania takes this turn, since there is no censorship which can properly be applied to the arts, save that implied in the classical standards of the arts themselves. We wish our crusading brethren could find some other outlet for their zeal, in a direction where it would threaten less damage to what little spiritual life this country now possesses.

LEST citizens of this country should ever allow themselves to doubt the blessings which accrue from living under an enlightened bureaucracy, a humorous deity seems to contrive it that they shall now and then be treated to a conspicuous and pointed instance of the workings of bureaucratic intelligence. Such an instance was furnished by the recent experience of a young Belgian woman with the officials who administer our wise and complicated immigration-law. This young woman, it seems, is the wife of a Belgian now living in this country, who has declared his intention to become a citizen. After living here for two years, she went to Belgium for the purpose of bringing back her eight-year-old son; and upon her return she discovered that the Belgian quota of immigrants for the fiscal year 1922 was full and that she was just three and one-half hours ahead of the 1923 schedule. Her case was passed upon by three immigration-inspectors at Ellis Island, one of whom appears to have been, strangely enough, a man of common sense. This one recommended that she be allowed to enter as of the quota for 1923; but his colleagues refused to take any liberties with Father Time. The case was appealed to Washington, where the wisecracks of the Labour Department upheld these conscientious scruples.

Now we should be the last to suggest that law, which according to the Chancellor in "Iolanthe," is "the full embodiment of everything that's excellent," should ever be tampered with, even in the interests of common sense. Yet, somehow, these particular scruples of our bureau-

crats seem a little forced, when one considers that the Senate which helped to frame the immigration-law has lately finished a legislative day of some two thousand hours, and that neither House of Congress ever hesitates to cheat the Constitution by turning its clocks back several hours at the close of a session. But perhaps the propriety of such liberties with the clock depends upon whose convenience is being suited. At all events, the best the bureaucrats could do for the young woman who arrived ahead of schedule was to advise her to make another round trip to Belgium and return. We wish her *bon voyage*, and we sincerely hope that when next she sails past the Statue of Liberty she may not find that her country's monthly quota of immigrants has already been admitted. Meanwhile, we shall go and burn a candle somewhere in token of thankfulness for our beneficent restrictions upon immigration and the intelligence of our immigration-officials.

It is curious to note that in some sections of the country the newspapers treated the "no more war" demonstrations as if there were something disreputable about the idea. In Washington, D. C., some worthy ladies left placards bearing the "no more war" legend standing eloquently in a soldier's graveyard. This pious act aroused the wrath of the local American Legion, which insisted that the authorities remove the signs, which, the Legion declared, insulted their dead comrades. Apparently these doughty warriors want all the wars possible, let the national debts soar as they may. A patriotic periodical financed by Senator Wadsworth went the Legion one better with the assertion that the whole international "no more war" movement was financed by Lenin and Trotzky, with the idea of reducing the other nations to a condition of helpless pacifism, so that their conquest by the red army of 1,500,000 men could easily be effected. It is amusing to remark that a number of editorial morons wagged their pens in solemn discussion of this terrifying menace.

RECENT issues of certain London papers which have come to our attention, send up a distressing cry of pain about the sale of titles and honours by the English Government. We are surprised, not at the fact of sale and purchase, but that so learned and seasoned a journal as the *London Nation*, for example, should get up this belated excitement about the matter. Have not titles and honours been sold, ever since money became a circulating medium in England? Did not James I fix a definite price for each title, according to its prestige, and open a bargain-counter? We do not understand how any Englishman can look with a straight face at the long list of titles bestowed during the reign of Queen Victoria. Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt entered in his "Diaries," on Sunday, 22 April, 1901: "It appears that the King's [Edward VII] debts have been paid off privately by his friends, one of whom is said to have lent him £100,000 and satisfies himself with £25,000 in repayment, plus a knighthood." We know personally of the case of a very admirable brewer who was expelled from a town council for fraudulent practices, and redeemed himself, besides getting a knighthood, by giving £10,000 to the Conservative party's slush fund. Why so hot, brother editors? Nobody cares except (a) those who bought their titles so long ago that they feel a bit antique, and (b) those who have not enough money to buy them, now that prices have been jacked up a notch or two.

It also appears that every Sunday paper in London is owned by a titled person, that some of these titles have been only lately created, and that they represent no special merit that anyone can discover. Well, but what is there in all this to make a fuss about? A Government has to have the support of the newspapers, and titles are the cheapest, easiest and most effective *quid pro quo* to offer for this support. Matters are managed in precisely the same way in this country, but since our Government has no titles to dispose of, it has to resort

to other means which are not quite so simple and easy, but they are well understood, and nobody makes any complaint about them. What would the editors who criticize Mr. Lloyd George's Government do if they were in his place? We are free to say that if we were in his place, we should do precisely as he has done. A Government has to have the support of the press, and the only way to get that support, speaking generally, is to buy it; and the most advantageous way to buy it is with titles. A political party, again, has to have money, and the most advantageous way to raise money is by the sale of titles. These matters should be looked at realistically; the appeal to morals and decency is utterly incompetent in the premises, for Governments have no lot or part with either.

We see by the papers that this country is to furnish the finest of all the foreign exhibits at the Brazilian centennial exposition; and we are informed also that Mr. Secretary Hughes is going down that way to extend the right hand of fellowship to the Latin population. These effusive demonstrations may cause the hearts of our neighbours to palpitate with Pan-American sentiment; but not for long. If the Latins know anything at all about the realities of American foreign policy, they can not be fooled by a little clumsy window-faking. These realities are quite invisible to most of the people who look at them from our side of the frontier, but occasionally one of our compatriots brings the truth into focus. For instance, Dr. Isaiah Bowman says, in his book "The New World," that "the United States has extended its influence and control more rapidly, since its annexation of Hawaii, . . . than any other Great Power, even imperialist Russia."

As far as we know, Dr. Bowman is the only geographer who has had the intellectual honesty to publish a map of the Caribbean area which is designed to show, not the formal fiction of native sovereignty, but the actuality of American control. The statement which we have quoted, in regard to American imperial expansion, is supported by a tabulation which has impressed us so much that we take the liberty of reproducing it in full.

Name	Date	Relationship	Area in sq. miles	Population
Hawaii	1898	Annexed	6,450	250,000
Cuba	1898	Virtual protectorate	44,150	2,900,000
Porto Rico	1898	Annexed after war with Spain	3,600	1,250,000
Philippine Islands	1898	" " " "	115,025	8,500,000
Guam	1898	" " " "	210	14,500
Tutuila (Samoa)	1899	Annexed by treaty with Gt. Britain and Germany	77	7,250
Panama	1903	General supervision	32,400	450,000
Santo Domingo	1907	Supervision of finances	18,500	955,000
	1916	Military administration		
Haiti	1915	Supervision of finances	11,000	2,500,000
Nicaragua	1913	Virtual protectorate	49,500	746,000
	1916	Grant of canal rights and naval bases to the United States		
Virgin Islands	1917	Ownership by purchase	132	26,000
Totals			281,044	17,598,750

When we throw in some odds and ends in the way of meddlings in Guatemala and Honduras, and then add the two recent invasions of Mexico, we are more than ever impressed with the fact that the development of the American Empire has quite outrun the popular understanding of what is going on.

If either the Greeks or the Allies had ever made so much as one move in the direction of a decent settlement in the Near East, we should perhaps be able to work up a little interest in the new reports of Greek designs on Constantinople. As it is, we do not see that it makes two cents worth of difference whether the Allies hold the city, or the Greeks take it over. If the Allied politicians had reopened the Eastern question with the best intentions in the world, they would have had before them a situation of surpassing complexity. As it is, they have twice confounded the old confusion of races, languages and religions by whacking up the Turkish Empire into domains and spheres which are just so many new sources of trouble. The secret pact of London, the Sykes-Picot agree-

ment of 1916, the Treaty of Sèvres, and the Tripartite Agreement of 1920 represent just so many attempts to accommodate all the old complications to the forms of the new ones. The attempts have failed, utterly and absolutely, and the ruction between the Greeks and the Allies serves only to make the failure a little more obvious.

EVERY little while, a reminder of America's unofficial, undeclared and underhanded war against Russia turns up to bite us in a new spot. The *China Review* reminds us now that our irreproachable Government still owes the Chinese Eastern Railway a million dollars for its services in transporting troops and supplies at the time when the American army was making Siberia safe for something or other. Japan is charged up with six times as much, and the *Review* wonders if non-payment in this case has anything to do with an attempt to break the railway, and take the pieces. Czecho-Slovakia owes a mere three and a half million, Great Britain and Italy have left their own more modest bills unpaid, and France alone among the Powers has settled her account. When we consider the fact that this railway, Chinese and Russian in ownership, and located entirely within the territory of China, was taken under control by the Allies against the solemn protest of the Chinese Government, and forced to do the military trucking for which it has not yet been paid; when we consider all this the Siberian affair looks a shade blacker than before—a shade blacker than the inside of a diplomat's top hat.

THE Russians have a droll story about a soldier who was so martial in appearance that he trembled with fear whenever he looked at himself in a mirror. We were reminded, somehow, of this amusing yarn when we read the suggestions offered recently by the editors of the *Smart Set*, for the promotion of pacifism. Messrs. Nathan and Mencken say that they do not speak as pacifists but as consultants in mob-psychology; and in this capacity they tell the peacemakers that "what is needed is a deliberate assembling of all the most frightful pictures that now repose in the medical archives of all the contesting armies," and a generous distribution of these pictures from end to end of the United States. "The effect would be electrical," say our consultants. "The boobery would be scared half to death. And, once so scared, it would demand instant disarmament.

We hope that our friends of the *Smart Set* will pardon us if we say that in our opinion, there is no possibility that anything effective can be done in this way for the prevention of war. We find nothing in history to convince us that war was any less popular, or any less prevalent, at a time when it was an even more terrible business than it is to-day—when defeat meant enslavement, or torture and death. There is something in the emotional nature of men which makes them capable of sacrificing everything for nothing in a crisis; but there is perhaps a chance that self-interest will assert itself effectively, if indirectly, for the maintenance of peace, if it ever comes to be generally understood that war is simply an incident in the routine operation of an economic system which not only endangers the lives of some of the people some of the time, but limits the livelihood of nearly all of them all of the time.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

HOLDING THE BAG.

THE most conspicuous topic in the week's news is furnished by the publication of a note from the British Foreign Office on the subject of international debt. Briefly, the British Government informs France and the other debtor nations of Europe that since the United States has called upon Britain to pay up, they must also pay up to the extent of Britain's payments to the United States. The implication is clear that if the United States would cancel the British debt, Britain would follow suit by cancelling her outstanding debts, even forgoing her share of indemnity from Germany. The note has been published in full by the principal daily papers, and has been made the subject of extended comment which we are not moved to rehash. One fact, however, occurs to us as highly important, and although we mentioned it in our last issue, we feel justified in recurring to it with stress of emphasis, because it has not, as far as we know, been mentioned by anyone else, and is not likely to be mentioned.

This fact is that the debts owing to the United States are uncollectible and that all the debtor Governments know it; they know it as well as the ox knoweth his stall and the ass his master's crib. Lord Balfour's note, and every line of comment upon it, should be read and judged in the light of this fact. If our readers will bear this faithfully in mind, it will save them a deal of confusion and muddle. All the comment that we have read is based on the fundamental assumption that, for example, the British debt of \$4500 million can be somehow and at some time collected, and will somehow and at some time actually be paid. This assumption we believe to be monstrously and ludicrously erroneous; and if our readers will promptly form the habit of discounting that assumption, they will perceive that most of the comment upon Lord Balfour's note is simply talking in the air. Moreover, it is only by discounting this assumption that they can put themselves in a position to see clearly what it is that the politicians of Europe are up to.

If our readers think that this flat assertion of ours is mere cynicism, we ask them to remember that when this paper first began to talk about repudiation, more than two years ago, the very suggestion of such a thing—the suggestion that great nations, honourable nations, would not pay their bills—was resented with indignation by press and public. Yet with what calmness is that idea accepted now! Even yet, however, the superstition survives with respect to Great Britain: it is still supposed that Great Britain is solvent and will pay, and that the solemn ritual of "refunding," in which our Government and hers will shortly engage, really means business. We shall not raise the question of solvency; it is not necessary to do so. We merely remind the reader that a debt can be paid only in goods and services, and ask him to imagine the effect upon American exchange, industry and commerce, if Great Britain should at any time, or over any length of time short of infinity, unload \$4500 million worth of goods and services upon this country. It would be the story of the German indemnity over again. Talk about "dumping"—no such colossal system of dumping was ever conceived as the one contemplated by the Versailles treaty, and by the repayment of international obligations. The United States is a creditor to the extent of some ten billion dollars, and owes no one. Some of the other nations can

manage some reciprocal cancellations, such as Great Britain is now suggesting; but the United States has no creditors. Collection of our debt means nothing short of the dumping of ten billion dollars worth of goods and services upon the United States; and our readers can easily form an opinion of the acceptability of this prospect, without any help from us.

The United States, in short, holds the bag, just as this paper remarked more than two years ago. One of our contemporaries which last week expressed the fear that the United States would soon be found holding the bag, is about three years behind time with its apprehensions. Uncle Sam has been holding the bag ever since the Versailles conference and will continue to hold it. There is nothing else that he can do. If he attempts collection, he will be a ruined man; if Europe repays him voluntarily, he will be a ruined man. The most sensible comment on Lord Balfour's note is made by the *Manchester Guardian*, in its wholly courteous but very direct suggestion that the people of America look this fact in the face and take a strictly practical view of the question of repayment. "If America wants active trade, she must take her part in seeing that the way for it is cleared." That is precisely the size of it. If Europe pays her debts to us, there will not be trade enough going in the United States to keep a country grocery-store out of the hands of the sheriff.

Every man-jack in the European Governments knows this; he knows that they have got us flat on our back, and any pretence to the contrary is mere talk, put out for the sake of its sweet sound. Whether anyone in our Government knows it or not, is doubtful; perhaps Mr. Mellon does. When one of the London papers says, "We are not our own masters; we are at the mercy of the Middle West, or at least of the Washington estimate of what the Middle West thinks," it is talking sheer fustian. It is the Middle West, and the Far West, and the North, the East and the South, that is at the mercy of the Allied Governments. Mr. Borah, too, is talking fustian when he advocates holding this indebtedness over the European nations to force them to disarm. Mr. Lloyd George draws a doleful and pious face, puts his tongue in his cheek—and goes ahead full speed on his unexampled new programme of aerial armament. The realistic M. Poincaré does not even waste energy on drawing a doleful and pious face. The sum of it is that the European statesmen in 1917 got our Government exactly where they wanted it; they now have it exactly where they want it; and there is nothing under the sun to be done about the matter, that will not cost far and away more than it comes to.

This is the fact, and it is utterly disagreeable and humiliating; but there it is, and it can not be dodged or conjured away. We shall sooner or later be forced to acknowledge that we have been right royally trimmed. When the *Westminster Gazette* ominously says that the American public "has not yet learned the hard economic lessons with which we in Europe are only too familiar," it utters the true word with the bark on it. Europe has learned that while the levying of huge indemnities may be a good political move, the collection or receipt of them is a profound calamity; and collection of the debt of ten billion dollars to the United States, since it represents the importation of goods to that value unbalanced by a corresponding volume of exports, is precisely comparable in its economic effect to collection of the indemnity levied against Germany.

This paper recommends an out and out cancellation of that debt as the only way whereby this country can get on its feet and resume its place in trade. We were manœuvred into the position where we shall have to pay for the war, whether we will or no, and it will be money in our pockets in the long run to do it promptly and cheerfully. As long as those debts stand, the interest on them will be paid, as it is now being paid, by the American taxpayer and rentpayer; and if they are ever collected, they will cost the taxpayer and rentpayer more than they are worth. The only sensible course is to charge them off to experience, and then to say gently but very, very firmly, Never again! Our politicians will not recommend this course, for fear that they will lose their jobs; but it is the course of good business, and if the industry and commerce of this country do not see it sooner, they will see it later.

O! FOR A JUNKMAN.

IN the slack periods of their solemn task of increasing the heavy burdens of existence in this country by placing fresh levies on the taxpayers for the benefit of privilege, the embattled senators down at Washington talk of other things, and occasionally, through partisan mischievousness or natural indiscretion, they afford illuminating glimpses into the intimate workings of political government.

Not long ago, Senator Overman presented figures showing that, eliminating all expenses resulting from the war, the departmental appropriations for the current year exceed those of 1915 by upward of \$500 million, or nearly seventy per cent. He pointed out that while Mr. Harding's budget-director had announced, after a great deal of sound and fury, that the budget for the year had been cut \$319 million under last year's figure of four billions, in reality the bulk of the cutting had been done in the Senate, chiefly through the efforts of the useful Mr. Borah, who succeeded in lopping some \$200 million off the proposed naval appropriations, much to the horror of the bureaucrats. A few days later Senator Stanley threw some light on the growing extravagance of the political spenders. All Washington, he pointed out, was honeycombed with hidden bureaux, a large proportion of which were merely meddlesome agencies for the regulation of some aspect of private activity, and these bureaux were constantly increasing in number and power. "There is more power to-day exercised in these marble sarcophagi by unknown experts than by the courts themselves," declared the Senator. "The cost has become unbearable."

It was only a few weeks ago that Senator Borah pounced on a bill before the Judiciary committee, designed to create a bureau for the regulation of newspapers printing news of horse-races and other sports upon which wicked citizens might be inclined to lay wagers. Another proposed measure calls for compulsory passports for citizens who visit Canada, with a special bureau to regulate the traffic, all in the interest of the expensive warfare on the demon rum. Many old bureaux that have lain dormant for years become suddenly animated, amidst all this new bureaucratic life, with a cancerous passion for growth. A writer in the *Chicago Tribune* recently pointed out that although the budget-estimates of revenue for the year indicate a twenty per cent decrease in collections by the Bureau of Internal Revenue, that bureau has been granted authority to spend thirteen per cent more; and that the cost of tax-collecting has increased forty-one per

cent while Mr. Harding has been placidly extolling the virtues of departmental economy. Moreover, scores of bureaux and commissions that have long since outlived their functional usefulness continue to consume the full annual appropriations of their lusty prime. Why, one wonders, should the taxpayers any longer be mulcted \$300,000 per year to support the Tariff-Commission, which was originally created to suggest a scientific basis for tariff-schedules? A cynical manufacturer recently referred to the commission as "the boys who show us how to get our feet properly in the trough." Be that as it may, no one pretends that there is anything scientific about the present tariff. It is a bonus-system, a friendly gratuity, and any economist who had anything to do with it would go mad. Under the circumstances, a decent regard for frugality would seem to call for the abolition of the superfluous commission.

Senator Stanley has called attention to an estimate that there are fifteen million persons feeding at the public crib, while there are, in the whole country, only double that number engaged in the actual business of production. There is every reason to suspect that these figures represent the true state of affairs; that there is indeed, as the Senator declares, "an officeholder or tax-eater on the back of every two tax-producers." At the present rate of bureaucratic increase, not many years are likely to pass before these political parasites actually outnumber their producing victims, and as the thin, pale line of taxpayers grows thinner and paler, one can picture the day when taxes must exceed incomes and the real producers will have to seek out the mortgage sharks and the pawnbrokers in order to support their Government in the style to which it is accustomed.

The taxpayer, bound, censored and regulated, denied even the illusory consolation of strong drink, is in the position of the unfortunate lady in the folk-tale. "Sister Anne, do you see anyone coming?" "Only a cloud of Democrats." Yes, the Democrats are coming. They expect to elect a majority in the House of Representatives in November, and we would be the last to wish to see their fond hopes crushed. This possibility lends peculiar interest to the clarion call of the Honourable Cordell Hull, Democratic national chairman, issued a few days ago; and therefore, by a terrific exercise of the will, we waded carefully through Mr. Hull's two columns of platitudes to see if any glimmer of hope was offered there. Alas, Mr. Hull was even worse than we had feared. The Democratic party, he declared, stood ready to give the country the same kind of "honest and efficient" administration as it had given under Mr. Wilson. It stood for "the fundamentals on which our system of free and representative government was founded," though Mr. Hull did not specify any of these fundamentals. The party was the only political organization that has a "grasp" of our national problems, though Mr. Hull was reticent about the nature of the problems. He included a horrible intimation concerning the necessity for joining the League of Nations, which has inaugurated bureaucratic ineffectiveness on an international scale; but in the whole length of his two columns there was no hint of any plan for cutting down by as much as one cent the extravagance of our political wastrels, not the least recognition of the all-important issue of removing the extraordinary amount of superfluous furniture in our political household.

From all this we gather that the first Tuesday in November should be a good golfing-day, for those who

like that sport; but to thoughtful citizens we commend the idea of staying at home and, if some bureau of censorship has not made it a felony to peruse any of the writings of the blithesome M. Voltaire, reading the story of *Candide*, whose multiple misfortunes and sufferings will teach the American taxpayer the wonderful resilience of the human spirit.

IMPERIALISM A LA RUSSE.

WITH a self-satisfied flourish, in the form of an introductory note, the *New York Times* published in its issue of 30 July an article in which (so the editor says) the Bolshevik scheme for the penetration of Asia is for the first time disclosed. The author is Professor Alfred L. P. Dennis, who is now conducting a series of conferences on the foreign policy of Soviet Russia in the Institute of Politics at Williams College, and is engaged also in writing a book which will embody the results of a long investigation of Bolshevik activities in the East. The article in the *Times* appears to be offered as a high-proof distillation of all Professor Dennis's findings; and the essence of the article itself is the conclusion that, in respect to Asiatic affairs, the Soviet Government has returned to the methods and purposes of the Tsars: "Soviet Russia is itself imperialist."

As we read this interesting piece of news, we are moved to inquire just what Professor Dennis means by the term here employed. For us, imperialism has always signified a combination of political interference and economic exploitation, applied to any given group of people by members of an alien group, who act for or with the support of their home Government. The definition may not be water-tight, but we do not notice very much leakage when we throw in all those operations that brought the Russians and the Japanese into conflict in Manchuria, and threatened continuously for many years to give rise to a similar war between Russia and Great Britain for the possession of the lands between the Himalayas and the Persian Gulf. In pre-war days the Russians and the British, and to a less extent the French, the Japanese and the Germans, had extended their influence or their control over the Asiatic peoples until their outriders and fortune-hunters had come into rivalrous contact in the "problem-areas" of the East. The Powers were more eager than ever for expansion, but no one of them could continue to expand as rapidly as before, without first clearing the ground of imperial rivals.

Imperialism had thus come to involve the rival empires in attempts to weaken and destroy one another; and yet it should be plain enough that this sort of thing, inevitable as it is in the long run, is not a primary factor of imperialism, but a derivative, a mere by-product. Each of the Powers was interested fundamentally in the maintenance and extension of its own domain, and each was already so well loaded down with subject peoples that it could not well afford to employ against its rivals a technique of destruction that would threaten the existence of the whole system of alien political control and economic exploitation.

If it be true that "Soviet Russia is itself imperialist," all we have to say is that the Russians seem to be sawing off the branch on which they, together with the rest of the imperialists, are sitting. The Bolsheviks have spread the doctrines of political and economic freedom up and down through Asia; they have erected the backward peoples within the borders of the old Asiatic empire into what they call autonomous republics; they have thrown overboard all the old Tsarist

privileges and concessions in Turkey and in Persia, and have offered to do likewise in China; and, finally, they have urged the subject populations of other empires to revolt against every sort of repression and exploitation. All this has undoubtedly resulted in an extension of Russian "influence" if we mean by this that it has made the Russians more popular among the native peoples of Asia; but if these activities simply reveal a new technique of imperialism, if they promise in the long run to facilitate the political control and economic exploitation of the backward peoples by the Russians, then there seems to be no good reason why the other Powers should not apply the novel method of the Bolsheviks to the advancement of their own interests. Thus, if the British wish to consolidate their present domain, and to detach the peoples of inner Asia from Russia, they should by all means begin in India a tremendous agitation for political and economic freedom, and then push their insidious propaganda northward into those regions which Disraeli taught the eminent Victorians to covet.

But it would not work, and the British know this only too well. Even if it were possible, it would be suicidal for a Power which lives by exploitation to strengthen and extend its empire by creating a demand for political and economic freedom. This demand is the very negation of imperialism; it can not be satisfied without a revolution which will either re-create the empire into something altogether new, or else disrupt it completely. The Bolshevik experiment may eventuate in freedom, and again it may not, but in any case the most important work of Bolshevik "imperialism" has been to stir up adverse winds which have already made the old course of empire a harder one for any Government to follow.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Liberté, égalité, fraternité! The spirit of irony bids us pause and consider these words, as they stand out in bold type upon the cover-page of a recent issue of the *Moniteur*, the official journal of the Republic of Haiti. The appearance of this historic phrase in such a setting is in itself enough to remind us that the theories of the French Republic and the practices of the American Republic—or should we say, the American Empire?—have come somewhat into conflict on this island of the tropical sea.

But the ironic muse does not let us off with a mere reminder that this is so, for in another issue of the *Moniteur* we discover certain diplomatic papers which exhibit the character of American imperial practices, and show just how the Haitian protectorate has been employed to promote the acceptance of a loan, which in turn ensures the continuance of the protectorate. If our readers will bear with us, we will first recall certain facts which should be borne in mind, if the significance of the *Moniteur's* documents is to be appreciated. It should be remembered, then, that in the days before the war, the Republic of Haiti was rolling up a foreign debt in England, France and Germany, and was thus providing an increasing incentive for European intervention in our own sacred hemisphere. In the self-sacrificing spirit of the man who swallows all the liquor in sight in order to save his friends from temptation, the American Government itself undertook to commit the deadly sin of intervention. With the European nations very much occupied in another quarter, the authorities at Washington attempted in May, 1915, to put over a protectorate by sheer bluff. The Haitian Government balked at some of the American proposals,

and foolishly attempted to preserve a few of the rights of independence; for instance, it suggested that military intervention should take place only by joint agreement, and should terminate upon the request of the Haitian authorities. While negotiations were still in progress the Government at Port au Prince was ousted by a local uprising; and with this disturbance as an excuse, the American authorities sent the marines to install the protectorate by force of arms. With these alien troops in control of the polls and the press, an election was held and a new Government installed. An apologist for the American intervention has said recently that "without the marines and the gendarmerie [organized and controlled by Americans] the Government of Haiti would not last a week"; and yet the signature of this new Government, as appended to the treaty of September, 1915, is the only thing that gives so much as the semblance of legality to a protectorate which had already been established by force when the treaty was signed.

It was never intended, of course, that intervention should stop short with the establishment of political control. The resources of the island must be opened to monopolistic exploitation by Americans, and the stream of Haitian public revenues must be deepened, and diverted from European to American channels. For the accomplishment of this latter object, it was necessary that the obligations of the Haitian Republic should be consolidated, amply secured, and re-issued to as great an extent as possible in the United States. It is with this refunding operation that the diplomatic papers in the *Moniteur* are concerned.

In October, 1919, the Haitian Government signed a protocol, now published in full, which obligated it to issue, within two years, "upon the terms . . . to be fixed in accord with the [American] Financial Adviser," a national loan of forty million dollars in gold, payable in thirty years, or "at any time upon reasonable previous notice after fifteen years from the date of issue." The protocol provides that the bonds themselves, or the proceeds derived from their sale, shall be employed in so far as is necessary in the conversion or redemption of previous issues, and in the satisfaction of other claims outstanding. According to the agreement, the payment of interest and the amortization of the loan constitute a first charge upon all the internal revenues of the country, and a second charge upon the customs, after the salaries of certain fiscal officials have been paid; and inasmuch as the loan is scheduled to outlast the mechanism of financial supervision already set up under the treaty of 1915 (which expires in 1935), the protocol provides that, for the remainder of the life of the loan, the collection and allocation of the hypothecated revenues (that is, of *all Haitian public revenues whatever*) shall be vested "in an officer or officers duly appointed by the President of Haiti, upon nomination by the President of the United States."

In the opening paragraph of the protocol, it is stated that this instrument "does not by fact or by implication extend the provisions of the treaty of 16 September, 1915"; and yet anyone can see with half an eye that the protocol does actually extend the protectorate, in its most significant aspects, for the full life-term of the loan. Such being the case, it is not surprising that the Haitian Government was rather reluctant to take the action required in the premises. The correspondence published in the *Moniteur* shows that at the expiration of the two years' period, no arrangement had yet been made for the issuance of the loan,

and that as late as December, 1921, the Haitian Government was still trying to persuade the Government of the United States to consent to certain modifications in the terms of the protocol. When the Haitian Government submitted to the American authorities an outline of a loan-bill which it proposed to lay before the legislature, the American Government pronounced the bill unacceptable, and expressed the opinion that "the loan-law should embody only the provisions necessary to confirm the authority of the Haitian Executive Power to contract the loan; and that the other questions affecting the validity of the protocol, the method of issuing the proposed loan, and the disposition of the proceeds thereof, should be settled by an exchange of notes between the two Governments." At the same time, the American Government reminded the Government of Haiti that it was bound by the terms of the protocol to enact such legislation as might be necessary to give effect to the terms of that instrument. In other words, the American State Department has actually handled the Haitian Executive as it has attempted to handle the Mexican Executive, by extracting a treaty-pledge of legislation which leaves the legislature itself with nothing to do except to sign on the dotted line. As a demonstration of faith in parliamentary government, this would be hard to beat.

But this American note provides another jewel still more rare. In reply to the Haitian objection that unless new taxes are imposed the negotiation of the loan on the best terms obtainable up to 30 December, 1922, would cause the Haitian Government to be confronted with a deficit of one million dollars annually, the American High Commissioner says, "I am instructed by my Government to say that it continues, as at all times in the past, willing to assist the Haitian Government in the matter of drafting laws imposing new taxes and in the matter of improving the collection of taxes under existing laws." The generosity of this offer of assistance in the mulcting of Haitians for the benefit of Americans almost passes belief. Finally the Haitian Government is assured that if it will comply with the repeated requests of the United States Government, and transmit to the American Financial Adviser, "the necessary full powers" to negotiate the loan, the Adviser and the Department of State will then endeavour [if they happen to feel like it!] to obtain the best terms possible from the American bankers with whom the Haitians have been dealing. In a reply dated 3 June, the Haitian Government accepts the American interpretation of the protocol, and states that new developments in the market give promise of a more advantageous financial arrangement than any hitherto offered.

On 26 June, the loan of forty millions was finally voted by an obedient legislature; and in the *Moniteur* of 1 July, the hope was expressed that all citizens who preferred calm and conscientious labour to political uproar would now assist the Government, with their interest and their advice, in the necessary revision of the budget. However, it appears that a part of the population was neither reconciled to the extension of the American protectorate, nor convinced that the million-dollar deficit, which the loan had been expected to create, could be eliminated by any possible improvement in the terms of the bond-issue. At any rate a serious disturbance seems to have threatened, for the *Moniteur* of 5 July tells us, in a kind of editorial on liberty and authority, that the Government has been obliged to employ the police to repress the organization of a demonstration against the loan, and against

the imposition of the new taxes supposedly necessitated by it.

Such, then, is the fate of liberty, equality and fraternity, when a backward Government undertakes to put its backward people to work for bondholders overseas. But is our own situation here in the United States utterly different from that of the Haitians? Is not the cost of American intervention levied upon the generality of American taxpayers? And have not our own labours in behalf of the bondholders therefore preceded and prepared the way for those similar labours in which the Haitians are now compelled to engage?

THE BOGY OF IMMIGRATION.

IN spite of the attempt to be "scientific" and to regulate immigration on a percentage-basis, this issue, like that of trade-prevention, continues to provide a theme for endless discussion. The writer of a signed editorial in a Philadelphia paper has discovered a growing movement against restriction, and hastens to controvert an assertion made by a Washington contemporary that only the more hardy and adventurous spirits have the courage to leave the familiar home in Europe for the unknown world across the seas. They are, he says, the scum of the population, flying from a land of depreciating currencies to an Eldorado. Unlike our noble ancestors, who were guided by the highest motives in seeking a new home, the modern emigrant is impelled by a mere money-grabbing instinct. Therefore, to advocate letting down the bars is to seek the "mongrelization of the American people."

In a discussion of this sort the use of epithets is not a help to a clear understanding; to describe people as "scum" is one way of prejudging them to be undesirable. But even if it can be shown that the men and women who are driven into exile by some strong emotion or desperate need, are the least intelligent and the poorest members of the communities from which they come, we are no nearer a solution of the problem, for many questions call for answer at this point.

Who, it may be asked, are we who hold the door against new intruders? It is said that the descendants of the first boat-loads of immigrants are dwindling in numbers, and are, in fact, about played out. The great bulk of the population is descended from all manner of races, whose good or bad fortune has brought them to this continent. If it is a wise child that knows its own father, it would be an industrious one who could trace his ancestry many generations back, and discover the number of races that mingle in his blood. We fear that it is too late to prevent the mongrelization of America, or of any other part of the world for that matter. An instinct stronger than the consciousness of superiority has already done the mischief.

If we dismiss the myth of race-purity, we are confronted by the question of the length that a political unit may justly and safely go in refusing admission to outsiders. It is hardly consistent for the Western nations, after having overcome the exclusiveness of the East, to retire behind new barriers of their own. Even if one could justify the attempt to fence in the superior locations and refuse to share them with others, it is clear that perpetual conflict would be the result: as witness the history of tariff-walls and exclusion laws. Racial discrimination is an effective means of pre-

venting the removal of the menace in the Pacific, and of keeping alive in other quarters animosities that will be inevitably held to justify a ruinous expenditure on naval and military defences.

It is not our purpose to set up a doctrine of altruism or benevolence to govern human action, either individual or collective. Enlightened self-interest is a sufficient rule for any occasion of appeal. It admonishes us not to run counter to natural laws, and before we seek to govern the lives and movements of others, to ask ourselves what are the imperative impulses behind them. In fleeing from intolerable conditions in Europe, it may be that the immigrants who seek admission here are also obeying the law of demand and supply. If America seems like a land of glittering opportunity, it may be only partially due to the highly coloured lure of the steamship-companies. The Italians or Poles, already established here, who use their hard-earned savings to bring out relatives, are doubtless under the impression that work awaits the newcomers, and all concerned may be acting in response to an all but irresistible economic impulse. This would be the view of the correspondent who, on the same page with the editorial referred to above, urges that Congress lift the existing restrictions on immigration "in order that there will be enough labour to construct the necessary buildings and make the needed improvements to the site" of the proposed world's fair in Philadelphia.

The well-to-do, shocked at the high wages received by bricklayers and other artisans, might be expected to favour increasing the supply of labourers in this way, were it not for their belief in the theory of an inferior race, and their tendency to attribute crime to foreigners and to see in every alien a "bolshhevik." The workers, fearing the depressing effect on wages of competition in a restricted market, are all for exclusion. The part played by environment in social problems is commonly overlooked, and it is not realized that the herding of foreigners in city slums or in mining-colonies, under conditions that put too great a strain upon human nature, might be remedied by extending rather than contracting the rule of equal freedom.

There is essentially no difference between the additions to the population through birth and through immigration. The superficial difference is all in favour of the immigrant, for the new-born child is bound to be a burden for a number of years, while the newly arrived foreigner brings with him a set of muscles already developed and adequate for the satisfaction of his wants. The eugenists, and our friends who are so much exercised over birth-control, are consistent in this respect, that they regard with equal concern the arrival of the stork and the steamship. Seeing the congested spots, they assume that the world is overcrowded, and that every newcomer is a potential candidate for unemployment, and an added burden to the slum and the charity-list.

If environment were synonymous with nature, there would be no escape from all these ills; but as it is a composite formed of nature and the regulations enacted by man, it can be modified by changing these regulations. Instead of fashioning laws that interfere with the most intimate and subtle affairs of men and women in order to make the individual fit the environment, the alternative

might be tried of improving the environment and letting human nature alone. When Mr. Lloyd George spoke of making a land fit for heroes to live in, he was more rational than he imagined. Any change which restricted monopoly would in the same measure and at the same time make more room for men and women and liberate their energies. All social questions may be said to move in an orbit under the centrifugal force of monopoly. Weaken this force, and they tend to fly away.

Remove from private control the mines and farms and forests, the rivers and harbours, and the land upon which homes are built and business is conducted; open these opportunities for self-employment and co-operative enterprise to all on equal terms; and immigration could frighten no one. There would then be no surplus labour, no dreaded overcrowding at the factory-gate, and every additional unit engaged in production would add to the rewards of all. The fear of overproduction and overpopulation might safely then be left to the future, and to the operation of the natural laws which regulate population. We are ready to agree that it is easier to prohibit immigration (as we prohibit trade, and the use of alcohol, and bolshevism) than to abolish the prohibition to move freely over the earth and share in the abundance of nature; but unless we take the more difficult course, we shall never be able satisfactorily to honour the prohibitions in the Decalogue and the Golden Rule.

STATISTICS.

WHEN a democracy like ours succeeds as a democracy, it may well take upon itself the duty of teaching others—may it not? Were we not once pioneers ourselves—we who now write editorials from Times Square telling the Russians how to pioneer in democracy? I had come to Russia imbued with this spirit of benevolent condemnation, and I now found myself in a position to display it to excellent advantage.

There were a few of us gathered in the corridor of the car, and the conversation turned to the state of the Russian railways. What constantly impressed me during the journey was the similarity between American and Russian topography. After all, there had been no such necessity here as there was in Italy, for great engineering feats in the construction of railways. The land spreads out before one, even and unbroken as an American prairie—and there is the same abundance of supplies as that which prevailed in America barely fifty years ago. Pioneers! That was what Russia needed; strong, unafraid!—the type who put up a shack to-day and built in its place a skyscraper to-morrow; who from a prairie schooner mapped the way for the Twentieth-Century Limited.

In such wise I lectured my Russian friends on statistics, statistics in efficiency and waste. We were somewhere near the Latvian border when we ran into snowdrifts. Another engine was attached, and the two engines and three cars made their way laboriously against these obstacles, until a much larger snowdrift brought the train to a dead halt. Both engines laboured in vain. The tracks were buried under hard and slippery layers of snow on which the combined efforts of the passengers and the crew made no perceptible impression. For fifteen hours we remained there, until enough snow was removed by manual labour to free one engine. In about an hour it returned and we resumed the trip.

I pulled out a sheet of paper and figured out for my fellow-passengers the total cost of this delay. There were such items on my list as cost of maintenance, food of passengers, fuel and disorganization. To this was to be added the estimated value of the time lost by some of the passengers aboard the train. There was Rykov, who was

returning from Berlin, Rykov, the "substitute" (*zamyestitel*) of Lenin, a position which corresponds to the American Vice-President; there was Chaliapin, who had engagements to sing in Petrograd for the benefit of famine-sufferers; and there were minor officials. The value of their time could not be estimated on a purely *per diem* basis in a period when Russia needs the services of every man at every hour. All that was needed to avoid this entire loss was a *single snowplow*! Surely Russia, which maintains an enormous army and a tremendous governmental machine, is in a condition to provide a snowplow to keep the track of its main line free from snow. Surely the officials must be aware of the frequency of snowdrifts in these unprotected plains. Then again, one should observe the deplorable condition of the railway-cars. Their so-called water-closets must, indeed, be nests of infection, and I marvelled at the phlegmatic indifference with which they were regarded by every one, particularly the diplomatic couriers who were familiar with conditions prevailing on other Continental railways and were therefore able to make comparisons.

A boy Commissar listened to me very quietly. When I had finished my sermon—which, after reading any of the metropolitan newspapers in the United States, I could have delivered without ever having been in Russia—the boy began to talk. He blushed to the roots of his hair and spoke stammeringly. He was sorry, he said, and very much ashamed of the conditions I criticized. I was quite correct in my condemnation—he, in fact all of them, regretted these conditions and felt as keenly and deeply as I did; for they too, loved cleanliness and order and beauty. They were glad to learn the valuable lessons that America could teach them and they would more than welcome the American "specs" (as they call the specialists, or technical experts) who would teach them the shorter way out of the disorganization and utter economic exhaustion from which they were suffering. He was glad I had spoken as I had; he appreciated my sincerity, and hoped that I would not lose interest or become discouraged. For that was the main thing after all, was it not?—never to get discouraged. There might be dirt, disease and death—but there was the future and the revolution and the happiness which would come to all the children's children because the present generation had suffered. But the statistics—well, he wished that I would revise them a little, because he would like them to proceed in the right direction.

First, he pointed out that I was wrong in calling this the Russian main line. True, it was the only gateway to Moscow from the West, but they by no means regarded it as their most important track. The most important road, indeed, lay far away from here; and it was there that they had sent Derjinsky himself, the Commissar of Railways, with every available snowplow and with every man who had the intelligence to handle one. That was the main line, the single stretch which connected with Siberia; the life and death line which led to bread. Still, admitting all that I had said, he also wished me to appreciate the fact that the snowdrift was on the Latvian side of the border, and, without mentioning the word sabotage, he predicted that from Sebes (the Russian border town) to Moscow the track would be cleared. (His prediction proved correct. Taking into consideration the impossible conceptions of railway-time in present-day Russia, the train ran almost on time from Sebes.)

In regard to cleanliness—it was a luxury, a product of leisure and organization. The bony hands that were stretched out for daily bread seldom had manicured fingernails. The Russians wanted to be like other peoples in their standard of health and comfort, but first they wanted to become different in the standard of philosophy. He said that he could not remember where he had heard it, but there was once a man who had sold his birthright for a plate of *kasha*. There had been too much blood and tears paid for this, their birthright. He feared, he said, that if the comrades became accustomed to the luxury of the Westerners they would be incapable

of suffering and dying for the revolution. Their time would be too much taken up by other things than the needful task of guarding against the militaristic adventurers prowling at every border. After all, he asked, did I realize that I was in a country which was forced by the Allies to maintain a state of siege? One did not talk of Pullman cars in front-line trenches; one thought only of peace and bread—and peace first of all. For these same men who, barefooted and almost unarmed, forced the invaders from their doors, would, with their bare hands, if need be, plant and gather their wheat and corn, and drain and bridge their rivers.

Silently I crumpled up my statistics. The pioneers of Times Square seemed unimportant—out of the picture, as one would say—and when the boy pressed an invitation on me to come and talk to the comrades at a labour-union gathering, I pleaded other engagements. What was there that I could teach them? CHARLES RECHT.

PAYMENT FOR PRIVILEGE.

THE preceding discussion has, I hope, made it clear that unemployment is an artificial phenomenon, and that it is certain to exist in a society which invites the restriction of opportunity by permitting private possession of land without adequate compensation to the community for the privilege. It has also, I hope, been made sufficiently clear that the institution of private property in land with its many advantages is not in itself the cause of unemployment, and that a system of leasing by the State would have the same result if the privilege of possession were granted for an inadequate rental. In either case the use of valuable opportunities would be denied to industry and chronic unemployment would result. Since, therefore, there are in the United States enormously valuable economic opportunities lying idle, and since unemployment is chronic, is it not possible that this condition may be the result of inadequate payment for the privilege of possessing land and natural resources? It would be well to consider just how, if at all, landowners pay for their privileges and, whether the payments, if any are made, are adequate and in proportion to value.

It is true that landowners in the United States do make, in the form of taxes, a payment to the community. Nevertheless it is also true that for the privilege of land-ownership as such, no compensation is required by any Government, Federal, State or Municipal, and that, therefore, whatever payment is made to the Government is merely incidental to the needs of revenue for governmental purposes. If no revenue were required, or if revenue were supplied from some outside source, then no taxes would be levied, and the owners of the land would hold their privileges without compensating the community and would therefore be in a position to monopolize opportunity and thus control the lives of others. That some tax is levied upon landowners may be looked upon as a sort of happy accident. Since, however, it is not required as a payment for privilege, but is levied as part of a general tax on property, there results a great disproportion in the relation of the amount of tax to the value of opportunity. Those landowners who fail to utilize their opportunities pay relatively very little for their privileges, while others, who with no greater opportunities make use of them in industry or for home purposes, are required to pay very much more. Thus the enterprising and industrious are sacrificed for the benefit of the forestallers of opportunity.

For example, in Massachusetts the holder of unused land is required to pay only the municipal tax on the supposed market-value of his holdings, which value, moreover, is usually assessed at too low a figure for

the very reason that the land is unused. On the other hand, if the owner erects buildings and makes other improvements on his land, he is taxed by the municipality on all this property as well as on his land, and at the same rate. Should the owner be a corporation endeavouring to enter into productive industry, not only does the corporation have to pay taxes to the municipality on its buildings, improvements and machinery, but in addition it must pay to the State another property-tax on its "corporate excess" which is the market-value of its capital stock in excess of the value of its property locally taxed; and it must also pay to the Federal Government a "capital-stock tax" on the market-value of its capital stock in excess of \$5000. If in spite of these penalties on doing business the corporation can still make a profit and therefore can continue its productive activities, it becomes subject to still further exactions levied by the State and Federal Governments. Principal among these last are the taxes, State and Federal, on net income.

The following illustration is submitted in order to give some idea of the amount of these various taxes which a corporation is called upon to pay as a penalty for using its land for productive purposes, as compared with the amount it is required to pay if it makes no use of its opportunity. Let us assume, first, a plot of suburban land valued at \$10,000 and entirely unused, being held perhaps to secure a profit from its rise in value as the city grows in population. The only tax levied upon it would be the local tax of perhaps twenty-five dollars in \$1000, or a total of \$250 annually. Next let us assume a similar plot of land of equal value, and therefore representing an equal opportunity, but in use by a corporation for manufacturing-purposes. We may, in regard to the corporation's business, make the following additional assumptions which seem fairly reasonable:

Value of buildings	\$20,000
Value of machinery	5,000
Value of capital stock	60,000
Net income	5,000

On these assumptions taxes will be as follows:

Municipal tax on land at twenty-five dollars per thousand, and the average rate in Massachusetts	\$250.00
Ditto on buildings	500.00
Ditto on machinery	125.00
State tax on "corporate excess" of \$25,000 (\$60,000 minus \$35,000) at five dollars per \$1000	125.00
Federal tax on capital stock over \$5000 at one dollar per \$1000	55.00
State tax on net income at 2½ per cent	125.00
Federal tax on net income over \$2000 at 12½ per cent...	375.00
Total	\$1555.00

In this illustration, the tax on the land without regard to use, which may be considered the tax on the privilege of possession, is only \$250. The additional taxes levied because of the use of the land in industry amount to \$1305, or more than five times as much. Thus the practice of withholding land from industry for speculative purposes is directly encouraged while its use in industry is heavily penalized.

The above example is probably not exceptional. There is reason to believe that the tax on the use of land is in even a greater ratio than five to one as compared with the tax on the privilege of holding. Other taxes not paid directly by the corporation in the above illustration, but which nevertheless discourage industry, are the import taxes on the materials of industry, various stamp and other miscellaneous excise-taxes and (very important) the income-taxes levied on the wages and salaries of its

employees, on the interest of its creditors and on the dividends of its stockholders.

It has been estimated by a committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce that in 1920, the taxes, municipal, State and Federal, for Massachusetts amounted to \$457 million. But the tax on land exclusive of buildings in that year was only about \$48 million, and since a portion of that land-tax was laid on improvements other than buildings, something should properly be deducted from the above figure in order to arrive at the actual tax levied on the value of sites without regard to use.

One need look no farther than the above facts for the cause of recurring business depression, of unemployment accompanied by low wages, of poverty, disease and crime. Throughout the country industry and enterprise are loaded down with taxes and restrictions in order that those who control opportunity may escape with a trifling payment for the privilege. Why rail against profiteers and monopolists when we deliberately encourage monopoly and speculation by not requiring adequate payment for the holding of opportunities? Why break our hearts over depression in business and all the horrors that go with it, when we not only allow the opportunities indispensable to business to be withheld from use but, in addition, ruin business with the penalties which we impose upon it? Under the circumstances, the fact that industry accomplishes what it does, proves not only the remarkable ability of individuals and groups to make headway under the most difficult conditions, but also the equally remarkable stupidity of the people as a whole in permitting such difficult conditions to exist.

Unemployment will remain and business depressions will continue to occur until those who own the opportunities to produce are required to pay adequately for the privilege, whether they utilize their opportunities or not. Then the power to forestall opportunity in order to get an unearned share of the product of industry will cease to exist. To secure this payment, it is not necessary to overthrow our institutions, nor is it even necessary to demand a specific payment for the privilege of land-ownership as such. If it but come to be recognized that this payment for privilege ought to be made, it can be readily secured through taxation. We can tax more fully the ownership of opportunity and can reduce or abolish the taxation of its use.

JOHN S. CODMAN.

(A fourth article by Mr. Codman will appear in next week's issue.)

AMERICAN LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

THE French are among the most incurious of peoples regarding that which goes on beyond their own borders; being in that respect, after all, much like the rest of us. It is not strange, therefore, that although they know something about our modern military men and statesmen, and that part of our national history which is connected with theirs, about American literature they have seemed to care but little. Perhaps this is partly due to the fact that France's own literature has always been not only plentiful but varied enough to suit the most diverse tastes. Accustomed to see the world do reverence to her own writers, she has never been put to the necessity of seeking out the works of foreigners. It is doubtful, indeed, that she ever even suspected that she could learn anything from the literature of the New World until Baudelaire introduced Poe to his countrymen.

The influence of Poe gave a new direction to the work of a numerous body of the French writers of

that period, and his influence is still potent. His work was not admired, however, because of any traits characteristic of the New World; the French regarded him as an accident—or, as a French critic once put it, "a mistake"—and thought of him as belonging as much to them as to his fortuitous countrymen. By the average educated reader in France he was regarded, with the exception of Mark Twain who appealed to a much larger public, as the only important American writer, until, years later, Walt Whitman was discovered.

Whitman's entry into France was not as sensational as Poe's, or his effect as immediate, but his influence promises to be greater than that of the earlier writer. At first he made but little headway. From the early 'eighties, the golden age of the symbolist movement among young French writers, when "vers libre" was first used as a poetical form, the name of Whitman might occasionally be found in some of the lesser literary periodicals, chiefly under a translation of one of his short poems; and in the course of a score of years a few of his "Songs" were introduced in the same manner; but outside a very limited circle of *littérateurs* and specialists in foreign literatures, he was nothing more than a name at most; he was not even the "big something" which Tennyson recognized him to be.

His first real impression was made quite suddenly, with the publication, in 1909, of the complete French translation of "Leaves of Grass." To the few who read it, it was something like that much-abused word "revelation." The novel- and story-reading public of course did not take any too greedily to the outlandish foreigner, but the younger literary generation immediately began to absorb him as an apparently much needed aliment; and, curiously enough, this thirst for the Wound-Dresser's tonic potions seemed to be intensified during the war. A French writer who was in active service throughout the entire war, recently told me that "Leaves of Grass" was one of the two books that made the deepest impression on the men in the trenches; the other one being Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

Gradually the admiration for Whitman extended beyond the younger generation, and one beheld old Academicians delivering courses of lectures on the American bard, and accepted writers beginning to quote him freely in their books.

The inspiration that the younger generation of French poets, novelists, painters and composers have derived from Whitman is freely acknowledged by them. Among the better known writers who have come at some time under the influence of Whitman, are such modernists as Jules Romains, Georges Duhamel, Charles Vildrac, Luc Durtain, René Arcos, Georges Chennevière, Marcel Martinet, P. J. Jouve. It is a friend and associate of theirs, M. Léon Bazalgette, the critic, who is largely responsible for the introduction of Whitman into France.

He is the translator of "Leaves of Grass," and the author of "Walt Whitman, L'Homme et Son Œuvre," which has been translated and published in the United States. This latter work is considered by some authorities to surpass in understanding, candour, and sensibility all other works dealing with the grey poet's career and personality. M. Bazalgette has, furthermore, published within the last few months, under the title (taken from a line in "Starting from Paumonok") "Le Poème-Evangile de Walt Whitman," an exhaustive study of Whitman's poems. He approaches them from the standpoint of art, of a new sense of life, of

a new conception of democracy, love and religion, and of Whitman's significance as a prophet of the ever new Idea.

During a short interval of leave from the war-front, M. Bazalgette also published semi-privately a booklet, "Le Panseur de Plaies" (The Wound-Dresser), containing a selection of Whitman's letters written during the poet's hospital service, with a few poems from "Drum Taps," rhythmically adapted by the poet Gossez, M. Bazalgette's fellow-soldier. All these books, except the last-named, were the product of the famous Paris publishing-house, Mercure de France.

It is an interesting fact that M. Bazalgette has acted as sponsor not only for Whitman, but for his almost exact antipode, Henry Thoreau. Having decided some time ago that the French public ought to have easy access to "Walden," he turned the whole of it into his own tongue. He then learned that Louis Fabulet, the able translator of Kipling, had just completed the same work and was about to bring it out through a different publisher. Reasoning that French readers could not have too much of a good thing, M. Bazalgette gracefully yielded to M. Fabulet in the case of "Walden," and began the translation of some of Thoreau's essays. His selections from Thoreau's "Excursions" and "Miscellanies," with a preface by himself, have been published within the last few months under the title of "Désobéir," in the set of books called "Les Prosateurs Etrangers Modernes," issued by Rieder et Cie. under M. Bazalgette's supervision. The same series, it may be noted here, included Mr. Francis Grierson's "Valley of the Shadows," the French title being "La Vallée des Ombres: Souvenirs du Pays du Lincoln," which will be followed by M. Bazalgette's version in French of Mr. Theodore Dreiser's "Twelve Men." By the end of the year M. Bazalgette also expects to have ready what is probably the first book on Thoreau, the man, to be published outside of the Concord hermit's own country. It has already been announced under the title of "Henry Thoreau, ou Notre Sauvagerie." It will be interesting to see how this French biographer of Whitman measures a man whose personality baffled even those who knew him most intimately.

American books have thus far been more successful in France than one might have expected. This may be due to the fact that the French public is more receptive towards foreign writers at the present moment than ever before. Its former attitude of indifference has for several years been undergoing a change which has perhaps been accelerated by influences derived from the war, which brought so many million foreigners into the country. The traditional French reserve has also been somewhat broken down by the translation in recent years of a tremendous amount of Russian literature, which, incidentally, has done much to abolish literary frontiers in other countries than France.

It is through no accident of time or situation, however, that M. Bazalgette has become the chief sponsor of American literature in his own country. He has deliberately chosen to become so because of a genuine love for what is honestly American in our national literary expression. He believes that the New World has something to teach the Old; that it has gifts for Europe more valuable than all the money that has been loaned her in the past or might be loaned her in the future. He calls upon Europeans to concern themselves less with being politicians, bankers, scientists and artists, and more with being men; men like the early Americans, of hardy independence, sturdy spirit

and vigorous physique. He warns the people of Europe that they have wandered too far away from nature; that they have weakened their culture by cutting themselves off from the health and sanity which man derives from his contact with the soil. He believes that the strength of the best American literature is derived from its nearness to the wholesome earth.

The Americans for whom M. Bazalgette has the greatest admiration are the Whitmans, Thoreaus and Lincolns, and the striving younger generation which for him is typified by such writers as Theodore Dreiser and Carl Sandburg. These men, he tells his fellow-Europeans in article and feuilleton, lack the polish, culture, and fastidious taste which are ours, yet we are without that which they possess in abundance. However great we may be as statesmen or artists, our stature as men is less because we have neither the character, the courage, nor the untamedness of the three men who came respectively from Camden, New Jersey, Concord, Massachusetts and Springfield, Illinois. To acquire their spiritual strength, he admonishes his countrymen, is the purpose to which Europe must set itself if it is to be saved.

In his writings M. Bazalgette reveals that he is drawn to our Whitmans, Thoreaus and Lincolns because of their unconventional characters, because they represent a stock which seems to spring, robust and instinct with sap, from a virgin soil. He loves the America which makes the gesture, *Salut au Monde!* He praises Thoreau for being a *réfractaire*. He sees in him an example of what a man may become who divests himself of those ancient vices—routine and fear of one's neighbours. He is delighted that this descendant of a Jerseyman was regarded as a little queer and strange by the group that surrounded Emerson at Concord. He finds that Thoreau's ability to work with his hands, hoeing his bean fields, reveals itself in his firm, sinewy prose.

To M. Bazalgette, Whitman is "an artist of an entirely new order" because "we submit to his power as to warmth or light or kindness." This power, he declares, has something in it that "goes beyond art." "Certain poems," he says in speaking of "Leaves of Grass," "are rank, luxuriant, heavy with sap, and as aromatic as the high grasses of June. There are few in which one does not feel the pulsation of a living organism, a powerful vascular activity conveying through the tissue of words the rich juices drawn from earthly nourishment."

It is in the joyful humanness and unabashed *naïveté* of men like "old Walt" that M. Bazalgette exults. We tired people of Europe, he proclaims, must learn again this fresh delight in the beautiful things of natural, everyday life. We must go back to the earth, the core of life, and be born again.

PHILLIPS RUSSELL.

TASTE, STYLE AND TEACHERS.

WHY does America produce so few writers who have distinctive and powerful styles? Why should this be so in a land where, for at least a generation, several thousand highly trained teachers have been drilling twenty times as many students in the art of writing? The answer to this question divides into three main parts: the first concerns itself with sundry lamentable peculiarities of our educational system; the second touches on the temperament of our literary learners; and the third, by all means the least stressed, raises the fundamental psychological-æsthetic problem of the relation between taste and style, especially with reference to the teachability of each. It is this last which I wish to discuss here.

Our best writers owe little or nothing to such instruction in writing as they may have received in college—and many of them have received not a monosyllable from any academic oracle. The deepest of all reasons is that, barring perhaps a half-dozen ultra-modern instructors, all higher training in literary lines is poisoned by pre-scientific doctrines. Not more than six American writers and critics have more than a casual summer-course acquaintance with the newer psychological studies of form-perception, reverie, constructive imagination, and æsthetic expression; and these six do not teach. Thus it is that one may hear on every hand pronouncements which confuse taste with style and both with technique. It is these confusions, more than any other single factor, that have sterilized literary education in America.

Most pernicious of all are those sundry dogmas which, having been shaped long before psychologists discovered the reflex arc and the processes of nervous equilibration, regard "taste" as the basis of "style," and assume that the latter may be taught by developing the former. The would-be writer who falls into the hands of teachers imbued with this philosophy is first put to reading and analysing famous specimens, from Aristotle to Ade. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from ten to eleven his attention is called to the words, phrasings and subtle shadings which mark each style. Often he is set to work imitating them, the better to fix patterns and principles in mind. At the same time, or directly thereafter, he is set to writing something original. This is the logical outcome of the hypothesis, lately stated in a fresh and vigorous form by Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton, that "to teach style is to cultivate taste, to cultivate discrimination, personal selection, the sense of literary values," and that "style indeed is in a sense the peculiar, technical application of taste to language." Train the student's taste first of all, by exhibiting to him the detailed beauties of Pater, Stevenson, Maupassant, Chekhov, Kipling, so that he feels keenly the difference between "coolness" and "coolth," between the surge and thunder of the *Odyssey* and the soft rain of Tennyson. Then require him to make "a technical application" of his resulting taste to language. The result must be style, or else the recipe is wrong.

Well, the result is not style; and the recipe is wrong. It springs from a complete misunderstanding of human nature and artistic expression. Taste is simply personal preference for certain stimuli and a dislike of others. These stimuli are primarily sensory, like the odour of cabbage; and they all acquire an associative fringe which induces complex feeling tones, like the odour of sanctity. When one reads a page of Swinburne, his over-lavish liquid alliterations stir up in one a mysterious resonance, which is a more or less integrated "multiple response." The more completely it is integrated, the pleasanter the feeling tone, as a rule. One's liking for the characteristic lines of Swinburne, for example, is nothing more than one's impulse to repeat, to muse over, and to recall in later moments of reading or writing the words which induced the feeling. Every such reaction is the resultant of four factors: one's original nature, one's entire set of experiences and habits, one's total condition at the very moment of stimulation, and finally the total situation in which one finds oneself at the instant of stimulation. Only one of these four can be permanently influenced by classroom-drill, and that is the set of habits. A teacher can get students into the habit of reading certain works; he can do it by sheer command, if not by inspiration. But he can not modify original nature, nor can he determine, even infinitesimally, the present and future experiences and bodily changes of his intellectual wards. Taste, then, can be cultivated only to a very slight degree at best. For proof, one might inspect all living members of any professor's class ten years after graduation. Or one might take the typical case of Frank Norris, who not only studied matters of taste and expression under Lewis E. Gates but wrote parts of "McTeague" as classroom exercises. As Mr. Eaton states in his recent discussion

on teaching style, Gates worshipped Pater and Arnold, inevitably communicating something of his stylistic preferences to his students; and yet Norris "pounded rather confidently along his own chosen way" and achieved a style that no critic can describe as a derivative of Gates's, Pater's, or Arnold's.

Where, then, did Norris get his style? If he did not make a technical application of taste to language, how did he ever manage to write with such distinction? Only psychology can give even a half answer. If one observes, step by step, what happens when a person "has a great idea for a story" or "feels the urge to knock out a poem," one may quickly find that the entire process is the reverse of that which goes on during the act of enjoying literature and expressing preferences for literary effects. I have personally watched hundreds of writers in the process of creating and there is little doubt about what the major moves are. Contrary to the common opinion, the creator is an innocent bystander, watching men do things in the arena of his fantasy. The people of this shadow world do their own thinking, speaking, and acting. Its events march on with their own private inexorability. People and events! It is they who determine the writer's style, both as to content and as to form. If they are dwarfish, grotesque, diseased, illogical, then the written result will be that. Let the people die, let the microcosm of fancy run down like a dead universe, and what happens? The wretched author, driven on to finish the story and picture, begins applying taste to language. He thinks up strange or striking literary effects. Now he sets down a line, now he erases it. He wonders whether or not the villain would draw a dagger at this moment; then he decides that perhaps he would not. But the villain says nothing, for he is dead; and in his death a stylist is born.

The freer and stronger the spontaneous fantasy, the more cruelly pressed is the author in reporting what he sees going on in his mind; and this gives rise to a most deceptive habit. He sets down words with the speed of a reporter covering a fire in the hour when his paper goes to press. The copy is disgraceful, judged by classroom standards. Back he goes and does it all over. Whereupon literary critics declare that he has been applying his standards of taste to his rough draft. Did not Pater rewrite "Marius the Epicurean" three times and then mess up his proof-sheets abominably? Was it not O. Henry who hammered his ten-thousand-word scripts of almost ungrammatical English down to three-thousand-word classics?

Viewed objectively, such revisions seem to prove that style is achieved by imposing literary form upon passive material. But every writer that I have ever watched exhibits and testifies to a very different process. What he does is just what the reporter does when he finds time: he returns to the spectacle which first moved him and contemplates it afresh, adding or changing items until the vision fades away. Only too often it passes quickly, and the story is a broken thing which might better be laid away. But pride and poverty conspire to force it into some shape that will deceive editors; so the author bugles to the legions of taste. Winged words flock to the dead thing like buzzards; and the rustle of literary style fills the firmament.

Could we get the precise time-relation between vision and revision in a given piece of writing, we might appraise its style with a certain objectivity which the literary critic of to-day sighs for in vain. At what instant of revision did the vision vanish? If the vision persists to the last revision, the result is at least a genuine presentation. In so far as the revising continues after the vision has ceased, we find an overlay of tricks, mannerisms, and those many stylistic artificialities which are but fine clothes on a corpse.

Another proof of the slight connexion between taste and style may be found in the astonishing frequency of exquisite literary taste in persons who can not write. Every teacher knows these good souls, to his sorrow. How they love that blessed word, *Mesopotamia*! What lustrous tears streak rouged cheeks, as the instructor

reads some classic sob-stuff! With what delicate feeling do they sense and criticize prose rhythm and paragraph structure! How swift to detect evanescent inaccuracies! Yet, when these peerless perceivers are breathlessly invited to write something, the result is mellifluous nothingness. Consider again the highly trained teachers of composition in our colleges; how many of them write with distinctive style? Certainly not one in fifty, though all write accurately and have highly trained taste as well as unusual knowledge of the technical devices of linguistic expression. Look, finally, at the smaller group that is teaching narrative, especially the short story. How many of these display a style that has won the praise of mankind and a critic's respect? I am embarrassed to name five out of a round hundred. But it is only too easy to name a score whose pens drip dishwater.

Taste is sensitivity: it is the way a thing strikes one. Style is activity; not being struck by something, but striking back at the thing and one's readers. Taste is passive, like being hit in the face. Style is aggressive; even in its mildest moods it is hitting back. To teach style by cultivating taste is pretty much like training a prizefighter by punching him miscellaneously and asking him where he prefers to be walloped, or how he wishes the blow to be delivered. Taste is an inner resonance. Style is an explosion of energy. Taste is the vibrating of the bell that is struck. Style is the hammer that strikes; or, to drop dangerous metaphor, style is, as Mr. Eaton puts it, "what is personal and vivid and vital in form; in the highest sense, style is form." In short, that total structure of words which we call a novel receives its essential pattern, not from the writer's feeling for words and rhetorical tricks, but wholly from two reactions: one to certain objects in the physical or spiritual environment, and one to certain people whom he more or less clearly envisages as his desired audience.

In the strict sense, then, style can not be taught; for it is a product, first, of the amount and distribution of energy in the individual; secondly, of his total complex of habits—eating, sleeping, talking, lying, cheating, loving, bragging, praying, working, and what not; thirdly, of the precise situation in which he finds himself, town or country, society or slum, fame or disgrace, freedom or slavery; and fourthly, of the specific purpose that moves him to explode with words. This is why style, like happiness, is most surely attained by ignoring it. This is why thinking about it distracts the writer from his proper subject, as well as from his purpose, thereby marring the effect. This, too, is why our best writers are not Ph.D.'s or short-story teachers, but roughnecks, stevedores, Broadway bums, remote missionaries, hack writers, reformed reporters, old soaks, farmers, housewives, chorus girls, and the like. It requires much energy to be such folks, and energy is far and away the mightiest single determinant of quality, as well as of quantity in writing. Furthermore, these people live in raw contact with realities and hence react to them more vigorously than do the wan inhabitants of ivory towers. They hate, love, fear, and crave straightforwardly; and their purpose in writing is generally as naïve as a baby's reaction to a belly-ache. They want to smash something, roast somebody, curse out the existing order, or hurrah for sweetness and light; in which case they are, as the greatest writers always are, unmitigated propagandists, often unwittingly. They may want to make some money; so they aim to amuse readers. They are interested in beauty no more than a blackamoor is in ballistics. This is why they achieve it more often than do the followers of the beauty-cult.

The moral is clear. Our colleges will not produce writers of distinction in great numbers until the student's personality is minutely analysed, his aptitudes noted, and their free development assisted chiefly by throwing him into contact with things as they are. This is costly, arduous, and slow. Perhaps it is not worth the cost in the present low estate of our general culture.

WALTER B. PITKIN.

THE BLESSINGS OF LONGEVITY.

A senseless school, where we must give
Our lives that we may learn to live!
A dolt is he who memorizes
Lessons that leave no time for prizes.

—THOMAS HARDY.

At this time when nearly every day some new glandular experiment tends to persuade us that an increased longevity may soon be attainable by anyone who wishes for it, we may well turn our attention to the benefits that would be likely to accrue to us from a practical realization of such an extension of life.

It may be taken for granted that almost every human being, in the full vigour of his strength, resents most vehemently the curtailment of his days to a pitiful three score years and ten. There is something terrible in the thought that our span of conscious existence, miraculously given us out of nothingness, should come to so swift and abrupt a conclusion. A man has hardly time to arrive at any just estimate of the possibilities of life before the heedless flow of the years has swept him once more into oblivion. He has appetite to engage in a thousand entertaining pastimes: he would be a sound scholar, a gifted linguist, an historian, a bon-vivant, an artist; but he has no time. The pressure of economic conditions is alone sufficient to occupy almost his entire attention.

Now if the normal life of man could be extended to 150 years, how different everything would be! For seventy years one could work for a living, for seventy more enjoy the fruit of one's labour, and in the course of the remaining ten sink peacefully into a contemplative and serene dotage.

Three score years is the exact space of time craftily calculated to deprive the human race of enjoyment. It would be better if it were even briefer, if it were limited, say to thirty years; for we should not then be so easily deluded. In Europe during the late war, when the life of every young man was under a menace, it was observed that the pursuit of pleasure for its own sake became a universal impulse. "If we are to die so soon let us at least know something of the pleasure of the senses"—this is the kind of reasoning that appears to have been current amongst these young men; and their conclusion was perfectly justifiable, perfectly rational. Under present conditions we may scarcely be said to live at all. The normal span of our lives is too long to justify us in snatching after those satisfactions, dangerously sweet, which might imperil our future, and at the same time too short to justify our building up the "pyramid of our existence" with deliberate reason. Many of us, therefore, fall by the wayside before we reach the end of the journey, and the rest are beguiled into sacrificing their best days to the importunity of some meaningless obligation that has little or no relation to the true object of life, which is personal happiness.

We squander and fritter away our thrice precious hours because they are just long enough to allow of our minds being drugged into a sense of false security. Since we are in a position to relegate the idea of death to a distant future, we hardly mark the rising of the sun over the grey chimney-pots of our cities, or the setting of the moon as it goes down over the rim of the grass-grown earth. Yet the planet upon which we stand has but to circle about the first monstrous luminary less than a hundred times and it will know us no more.

Never, probably, in the whole history of the human race have mortals been less conscious of their fleeting moments than they are in the Western World to-day. This is probably due in large measure to our city life, to that dubious legacy that has come to us from the great industrial activities of the last century. Our time is made up of short, vulgar, feverish hours, which are full of superficialities and have nothing about them of that mellow, slow-moving leisureliness, which naturally should pertain to them.

How many of us have been deluded into bartering away our birthright for the sake of the possessive in-

instinct, that crudest and most primitive of human emotions! How many intelligent men are willing, nay eager, to spend their life's energy in dreary offices, deriving their chiefest satisfaction from a puerile sense of self-importance, and giving only a small part of their attention to the truer values of existence! How few Montaignes there are to be found, prepared at the age of thirty-eight to cut themselves free from all dull and wearisome pursuits and devote themselves to the nine learned virgins! Nowadays it is not the fashion to retire; more and ever more accumulations must be made.

Yet how prodigal these same punctilious economists are of the golden moments vouchsafed to them out of eternity. The time draws on apace when they will never again be able to take into their nostrils deep restorative breaths of country air, never again smell the damp, pristine sod of a cowslip meadow; but this does not trouble them. Conversation is accounted by them to be nothing, the labyrinthine subtleties of emancipated fireside discourse of small consequence. One can not believe that if their lives were suddenly to be extended they would continue to devote the greater part of their vitality to the intricacies of motor-cars and the selling of stocks and shares. It is possible to contemplate a man wasting his life for seventy-five years, but not for 150 years. That would be too much! It would be as preposterous a spectacle as seeing a man with only three decades to live, content to remain shut up in an office every day from sunrise to sunset!

A great deal of incredible nonsense has been talked about the value and dignity of work. Such hawing is but a snare to catch woodcock, for if labour be divorced from some intelligent aim bearing directly or indirectly upon what one may be permitted to call the art of living, it is worth nothing at all. One should toil only so far as the results of one's efforts contribute to one's own personal enjoyment. If by amassing a great fortune one may free oneself from domestic obligations and thus be enabled to take pleasure after one's own idiosyncratic manner, one has employed one's time to some purpose. As soon, however, as one can be suspected of working for work's sake one is committing not only the greatest folly, but a profoundly immoral action. Most of the insufferable people who embitter the great chalice of life are occupied thus. Wherever one comes upon a sun-drenched, genial, hard-boiled egoist, whose chief motive is the fuller realization of his own peculiar capacity for happiness, one finds oneself in contact with a force that in itself is making towards a more tolerant, a more generous, a more gracious existence.

It is a mistake to think ill of sensualists. The basest and crudest of such people do less to poison the stream of life at its source than do these others. It is these other dull, unimaginative, tight-lipped, ethical-minded lovers of work who render the world mean and degraded. They are the weevils in our pottage, the maggots in our pumpkin, they are the rogues who would take from us that which delights our hearts, it is they that cause so many young girls and boys to lose their youth under intolerable and uninspired conditions. A man engaged in pursuing happiness can not help but radiate something of his own jocund aplomb. It matters not a jot whether he derives his satisfaction from subtle intellectual interests, from culture, or from merely inviting his soul in a sun-lit tavern-parlour; such a man is in touch, in harmony with, the deepest of all human impulses and the one which alone justifies existence. He has not grown churlish from a subconscious recognition of the fact that he is betraying the very light of his days; he is by no means a weary, inert and malicious slave of false values.

One likes to think of such honest people, obsessed, each one of them, with an insatiable zest for life, hurrying to Paris for glandular operations. One likes to think of them, barons, burgomasters, and beggars together, jocular lovers of the visible world each one of them, acquiring a substantial augmentation of their conscious days. Such people would put their unearned increment to a good

use, I'll be bound; they would extract with even shrewder foresight than before, every stray sensation that life has to offer. And perhaps, when the span of years allotted to mankind is prolonged for all of us, we also shall have learned, by that time, to order our existences with the same admirable fervour, with the same admirable intelligence.

LLEWELYN POWYS.

LETTERS FROM A COUSIN: X.

LONDON. June, 1922.

AND so to London, which during my absence in France, Switzerland and Germany has become a Palace of Truth. In the shock of the sudden forcible removal of their war-attitudes our public characters have begun to say what they really think and feel, and even seem to take a perverse pleasure in their own nullity which after all must be more comfortable than the strain of upholding a bombastic and overweighed hatred for—some one or other, Germans, or Irishmen or Bolsheviks. I don't believe people who eat so much can really hate anybody. However, 'nuff said. I seem to hear congratulatory chuckles from Swift and Voltaire and I turn to the more profitable study of the masses who are full of the most extraordinary happy vitality sharpened with an almost painfully acute perception. The critical faculty of the masses is deadly and in every walk of life one sees popular favourites go down under it.

I spent a day with the crowd yesterday, attending a cricket match at the oval with fifteen thousand other people in the afternoon, and a music hall in the evening. I do not think cricket has ever been written about except in a sentimental lyrical vein which is entirely unworthy of so great a subject. It is a marvellous game, in which team-work tells more subtly than in any other, because of the slowness of its pace. Pure skill and the grace that is its hall-mark are here as thrilling as in the ballet and there are one or two cricketers who are in their way as great artists as Nijinsky, though your high-brow knows them not because they are engaged in a popular pastime. The crowd knows them infallibly. The style of a man as he walks to the wicket takes them, and wonderfully the exploits of a Hobbs sharpen the crowd's sense both of the fullness and of the fine points of the game. A foreigner would be startled by the bursts of applause that come for a fine piece of fielding, or a good ball that has achieved nothing, or a stroke that has not scored a run, but an Englishman can sink gladly into the crowd's appreciation and feel at home. It is a good decent game, this cricket, that subdues and controls and disciplines excitement. It is also beautiful and remains an institution to which one can point with pride when the discerning foreigner asks what on earth has happened to London that it has turned into such a witless caricature of itself.

In the music halls one feels the crowd mercilessly at work. The theatre has collapsed under the onslaught and the music hall looks like meeting the same fate. A comedian who only two years ago was immensely popular as an exponent of rag-time laboured until the perspiration poured down his face, but a voice behind me said: "He's *trying* to do it: and that is the point." These new critical crowds want and will have real talent and reject immediately and thoroughly a patchwork imitation however industriously compiled. Quality, however raw, is responded to at once. A certain fine point of inward honesty is insisted upon and if it is not forthcoming, farewell to any hope of contact between performer and audience. This insistence is to be found everywhere. It makes the crowd for the moment rather too much master of the situation, but so long as its aim is honesty—and no other is immediately possible—no great harm can be done. It holds up certain reforms which are long overdue because our executive, being bankrupt of honesty, is paralysed, but there is always plenty of time—plenty of time. Meanwhile London is fascinating in its newness: its mastication and slow digestion of the American influence which is at present dominant.

I have often wondered why my sympathy is always with the under dog. It has certainly never been sentimental and I ascribe it now to the fact that the under dog knows most of what is going on. Who feels most, the judge or the prisoner in the dock? There is no doubt there, and I, like the men in the street, am always with the prisoner. He is the man who knows most of what it was that set that particular machinery in motion and, taking the will-to-live for granted, one's consciousness is most powerfully lured on by the will-to-know, and when it comes to a crisis morals tend to disappear. For this reason I enjoy my London just now in this warm month of June because the full pressure of responsibility for the calamities of the past ten years is being felt, and in the next few weeks will be thrust home with a surprising suddenness, though probably without any dramatic manifestation, partly because the drama is too deep for articulation, partly because any kind of theatrical display is suspect, and partly because the spectacle of nullity arouses no desire for demonstration. One can only go on reading or, like Charlotte, cutting bread and butter. Anyhow, here in London in this month of June the nineteenth century does definitely come to an end, and articulate and cultured persons will have to follow the crowd into the twentieth and square up as the crowd has done to the machines, and find out what they have done to people and how they have impaired or increased their capacity for life, for the problem is always the same: Can we understand life in time to be able to live it? The crowd in its temporary release from control says enthusiastically: Yes. The crowd may be right, but the matter wants testing and the proof will be found in the quality of the test, the thoughts that are produced—for the crowd, which without some sign or guidance, will assuredly hurt itself, as it is perfectly entitled to do, and future generations, which it has no right to jeopardize.

That of course is the responsibility that we of the present generation have to face here and now in London. What reparation can we make to future generations for the damage done to them by the prolongation of the war from 1916 to 1918 and the inevitable unnatural maintenance of the war-mind from 1918 to 1922? It is a matter of six years devoted to the distillation of the most virulent poison subtle enough to enfeeble the lives of half a dozen generations. The offence is rank and smells to heaven and it was really for that offence that Horatio Bottomley was convicted on a charge that he felt to have been trumped up against him. Without Bottomley the thing could not have happened, for he alone was capable of the unutterably base appeal which can captivate the stunted imaginations and cretinous desires of our slaveys and slum-dwellers. He was the pivot in the organized war-mind, and there is no doubt that he thinks in terms of sentimental melodrama, meaning every outrageous thing so thoroughly that he is quite incapable of preventing his conduct from becoming equally outrageous. He knows perfectly well that he could not have succeeded so well as a war-monger if he had not had the authority of the Government behind him: neither could he have obtained from the public money enough to go to his ordinarily strong head. He must feel therefore that he was only an agent, and that the Government ought to have been in the dock: as indeed it was—and is. The British Government has put itself on trial and the British people with its usual good humour consents to share in the inquisition. The issue really is this: If you are responsible for the affairs in a tight place of many million ignorant and helpless people, are you entitled to lie to and cheat them?

It is a searching question and there should be only one answer, because there are those six fatal years to be accounted for. It is not a matter of punishment but of atonement in work, in an effort to raise the vital affairs of society to a higher plane, to develop a new and swifter kind of mind, to face the world and find what beauty it contains and to serve that and no manufactured or invented master or mistress.

There may be a way out of it that I can not see at present, for human beings are of slippery stuff, but these next few weeks will decide one way or the other, whether we become both better and worse or slide into a slipshod, nondescript dependence upon machinery, restless, bored, indifferent, gasping and withering away for lack of that sustenance which human beings can find only in each other. We shall see.

It is good to be living in such a time. It is good, too, to write of it, for upon the events of the next few weeks depends this much: whether our youngsters shall be the blithest or the grimmest generation the world has ever seen. With such an alternative there is not, there could not be a man or a woman whose reputation were worth the saving if it stood in the way. It is for this reason that London has become a Palace of Truth, and almost joyfully men and women here are beginning to discard the reputations and the money that they have been accumulating since 1916.

GILBERT CANNAN.

MISCELLANY.

THE actor's the thing at the Farfariello. What matter if the two back-drops are threadbare and ridiculous, or that the spotlight fumbles, hesitates and accentuates the old-fashionedness of the theatre, or that a shirt-sleeved stage-hand calmly appears to change the cards before each new performer appears, or that the same functionary unconcernedly places the prompter's hood in its place before the little comedy which Magni and Company play? The audience ignores it all: everything is just as it should be.

I WENT to see the Italian film whose announcement caught my eye in passing the theatre. I despise almost all cinema-dramas except "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," but the human desire to agree with the majority is always contending against my instinct to flock with the minority, and it drives me to an occasional European movie in the hope that at least once more I may be able to leave a film and bear my self-respect with me. Our American photoplays make me feel as I think an intelligent child must feel after a well-meaning but stupid adult has told it a story.

WELL, "Santa Notte" was vivid, full of action, melodramatic. It told its story briefly, directly, effectively and rather abruptly. A Hollywood director would have added forty-five minutes to it, would have spent ten times as much money on it, and would have spoiled it utterly. The Italians, at least, acted. The first half of the film flickered through in silence. I wonder how many film-fans realize that it is the noisy music which generally accompanies movies that saves them from death by boredom. Then the orchestra of five began to tune up, regardless of the proceedings on the screen, and in due time they played a light air which was quite inappropriate to the scene between the duke and the ghost. By the time the nobleman got to the scaffold to reprieve the innocent victim who was about to be jerked into eternity, the musicians were doing a two-step.

In a few minutes I determined that the film was a sop to the lower tastes of the audience, and that nobody cared very much what happened so long as the decks were cleared for the action of the evening. What followed was a surprise: for I thought the whole programme was to consist of "pictures," and I was prepared to leave so as not to have to see a Rocky Mountain postmaster's daughter rescue a tenderfoot U. S. geological surveyor from the bad man with a handkerchief around his throat and a broad-brimmed Stetson.

LIGHTS were turned on, and Fantoni appeared. Dressed as if for a concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, he sang a few songs in a most agreeable tenor. I have often heard less effective singing at the Broadway institution

where, as in all opera houses, they have so many exhibits which justify the dyspeptic German critic's assertion that a tenor is not a voice but a disease. Signor Michilli followed, singing comic and serious songs that disclosed admirable versatility. Borrelli, a comedian, held the house in his hand. Signora (or is it Signorina?) Veneroni charmed her listeners with sentimental songs in spite of the suspicion that the better part of her future is behind her, and Signorina (or Signora?) Merighi, forthright and engagingly bold, at once confirmed the instinctive apprehension of amusement that her presence created. Then the two Gildos—he and she—with their gay give and take, their happy team-work, sang their way through their excellent act.

LIKE many other American simpletons, I have gone to Paris vaudeville only to see and hear much that is worse than what I avoid in New York: these actors at the Farfariello (for all I know they may have high reputations in Rome and Naples) are not unworthy of places on a good Paris programme, and they would not only afford relief at many a variety show on Broadway, but would set a standard for refined fun-making. The voices were not all of the best, but they were undoubtedly painstakingly schooled, and every one sang in tune. Think of that! Every one of the actors looked intelligent and went through his simple performance as if nothing else in the world counted at that moment. They acted with their voices, their faces, their bodies. With each new song they represented different characters, and they relied on only the most meagre accoutrements to make a visible change: a false nose, a different hat or coat. As I looked at these vivid, alert countenances I thought, with an inward sinking, of the photographs of some of our own vaudevillains that are displayed in front of the theatres in which they play. Glance at them again when next you pass a theatre, and decide whether I am unpatriotic when I assert that with their weak faces and vacuous smiles, they are an empty lot.

A word about the ladies: they tended to *embonpoint*, but they were no less lithe and vivacious for the penalty of indulgence in spaghetti and spumoni. They are keen and full of a humour that is catching, and their *rappport* with the audience is as complete as that of the men. Incidentally, they dress not only tastefully but fully; they are not mannequins who display fashions; they wear gowns as if gowns were meant to adorn and to be admired, not as if they were bathing-suits.

At the Farfariello one finds such a creative audience as the Theatre Guild, the new Equity organization and others, are seeking to develop. What a joy it must be for actors to get so quick and knowing a response as comes from these people! There is no safety-appliance on the trigger of that audience's sensibilities, it snaps off at a touch. True, some of the men are in shirt-sleeves, some of the women in calico, and equally true, one's attention is sometimes distracted by an infant's cry; but, after all, it isn't the "Chauve-Souris" at five dollars, but the Farfariello at fifty cents.

JOURNEYMAN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE TERRIBLE TURK.

SIRS: I have been interested in reading a letter appearing in your issue of 12 July entitled "Atrocities in the Making" and signed by Helen Woljeska. The authorities quoted by the writer of this letter are about as absurd as the various White, Blue, Red, Green and Purple Books that were issued by the various Governments engaged in the late war, each of which showed the lily-white purity of the Government which issued the book and the horrible duplicity of the enemy.

Those of us who are familiar with the Near East know the facts, and the facts are as stated by Dr. Ward and Major Yowell, and not as represented by the Government at Angora.

There is plenty of testimony from American sources to back up the reports submitted by the gentlemen mentioned, and most significant of all is the fact that whereas the Greek Government welcomes the idea of an investigation of alleged Greek atrocities against the Turks, the Government at Angora is hiding itself behind its own bloody mantle and shrieks to the world that its hands are clean, while anyone who does not wear the fez can see that they are red with human blood.

The time has come when the Turk must be finally deprived of the privilege of ruling over non-Turkish populations, as he has shown for hundreds of years his utter unfitness to govern others. I am, etc.,

New York City.

B. P. SALMON.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS—"

SIRS: Considered in the light of the Government's attitude and activities in connexion with the present strike-situation, the following sentence from a well-known (?) American classic is interesting:

But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing inevitably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.

As a staunch upholder of the *status quo* I rejoice that the coal-miners and the railway-shopmen are not familiar with the Declaration of Independence. I am, etc.,

Cleveland, Ohio.

KARL B. MICKEY.

AN INSATIATE IMMORTAL.

SIRS: This morning in a French journal I read an account of the visit to our States of two French Academicians on the occasion of the celebration of the Molière tercentenary. During their visit, MM. Donnay and Chevrillon were, it seems, received by the Philadelphia Academy of Immortals and entertained by one of its most rejoicing members, Mr. Owen Wister. Whatever doubts one might harbour concerning the claim of Philadelphia to immortality are now for ever banished, for I call the immortal gods to witness that if ever a man merited immortality in a special and uncomfortable sense it is Mr. Wister, and in proof of this assertion I submit to all good men the following gem from Mr. Wister's prose as cited by M. Donnay:

"Mr. Wister," says Donnay, "is among those who think that the war ended too soon." But by all means let us go to the original; the words of Marsyas are dull after the song of Apollo.

Then came the armistice [says Mr. Wister sadly], and for the great majority of our boys it was a great disappointment. They were halted in their great undertaking, and they felt themselves duped. In the bottom of their hearts they knew well that their task was not yet accomplished. They had meant to go on with the job to the end (*jusqu'au bout*) and on the threshold of accomplishment it was snatched from them. This disappointment helps to explain the grumbling response whenever they were asked if they would agree to return to France for another war: 'Never again.'

I beg the gentle reader to be more than ever gentle with Mr. Owen Wister, but I can not refrain from asking with the full consciousness that any comment on this priceless passage is purely impertinent: Can you beat it?

The answer is, of course, that you can not, anywhere outside America. In France where, I would be the last to deny, there still exists no small number of grand patriots and similar clowns, such an enormity would now be impossible. Its author would never hear the last of it; his hair would be whitened and brought down with sorrow to the grave by the multiplied and unending sarcasms of every one with a sense of the comic or a sense of decency. Imagine telling a French soldier who had lived through Verdun and the Chemin des Dames and had seen the invader finally vanish from his soil that "his task was still unaccomplished." Only recall the night of the armistice, in November, 1918, as I myself saw it in France, and then fancy the sudden apparition of Mr. Wister with a sword in one hand and "The Pentecost of Calamity" in the other, exhorting the doughboys with a "Dear lads, the war has ended too soon."

M. Anatole France, whom Mr. Wister, in another inspired moment has called a "vile" writer, recently commented on the service rendered to national hatreds by writers like Mr. Wister, whose attitude towards the problems of their country and their art seems to waver between that of a valet and that of a sadistic old maid. I might add by way of defence of our great Philadelphia comedian, that, no doubt, every country has the literature it deserves; France, for instance, has "Toward the Better Times," while we have "The Pentecost of Calamity." I am, etc.,

Paris.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

THE PRODUCT OF MILITARISM.

SIRS: I was a witness to-day of a peculiarly brutal and cowardly piece of race-bullying by a man in the uniform of the United States navy. At 11 p. m. I stood, with a few friends, on the platform of the Columbia University subway-station, when a group of some twenty sailors came noisily down the stairs, laughing and talking. A fine looking, quiet, and well-dressed young Negro of between twenty and twenty-five years stood on the platform at the time, apparently offending no one, and, so far as I know, minding his own business absolutely. I looked away for a moment and was suddenly startled by a loud crash, almost like the report of a pistol. I turned in time to see the Negro fall in a heap on the platform, momentarily unconscious from a blow on the head with a heavy stick in the hands of one of the sailors. To save himself from detection, his assailant had immediately thrown the club onto the tracks, where I heard it fall, and saw it lying there. It was a smooth piece of hard wood, like a rail, two feet long and about three inches in diameter, broken off at one end. Only one of the uninformed men showed any solicitude for the injured man. The others, far from seeming to regret the incident, stood by laughing and joking. One of them was heard to mutter some words about "trying to get on the same train with us." It seemed to those of us who stood near by that this was a case of an entirely unprovoked attack—an outburst of race-prejudice and cold-blooded insolence of the kind we were recently taught to hate under the name of Prussian militarism, but which is an inevitable product of the military system the world over.

There was no way of reporting the offender to the authorities for punishment, since he could not be identified among the group of sailors, but I can not let the occasion pass without making an indignant protest against this wholly un-American bit of militaristic frightfulness. Is this the boasted honour and chivalrous manhood that is said to be developed in our great "floating university," the navy? Is this the same sort of solicitude for oppressed peoples which has sent us into Haiti to bear "the white man's burden" and to spread the benefits of our superior civilization among the ignorant and (so-called) inferior races? It is perhaps not astonishing that men of ordinary passions and prejudices, taught in the army and navy to idealize the use of brute force, and to hate and kill in the service of a narrow nationalism, should be guilty of such crimes as this. But it is astonishing, in the light of such occurrences here and in our West Indian spheres of influence, that people should continue to uphold the military system anywhere as an upbuilder of manhood, and the American military occupation in Haiti and elsewhere as a beneficent intervention in the interests of justice and democracy. I am, etc.,

NEW YORK CITY. CARROLL M. HOLLISTER.

POETRY.

THE STEED.

"If wishes were horses . . ."

When first he came to drink
He seemed a shadow where there was no shade.
The rocks, the earth and the blue cup
That held that water were one amethyst,
Out of the stillness made.
Then something quivered on the farther brink,
And I looked up . . .
His flanks were silver and his mane was mist.

Surely—I said—he can not linger here
Or be the thing he seems;
This is a desert world and clear;
Nor messengers nor dreams
Come with wild feet across these sands
Where I have buried doubt with my two hands.
And yet he came again and came more near.

Until at last I know!
And now all nebulous around me grow
The shining certainties
Where I have dwelt so long,
And clear horizons lift
On dimmer destinies.
There is the race still swift,
The battle strong.
O, steed of wind and fire
Men call desire,
Shall we not go?

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW.

BOOKS.

MONSIEUR FRANCE'S OPINIONS.

THE Venetian days of Howells were somewhat plagued by the persisting prominence of Lord Byron—"not," he declares, "a presence which I approach with pleasure." Similarly, the Parisian sojourn of some other American still clinging to the old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon tradition of straightforward simplicity and decorum may come to be troubled by the firmly-established and pungent presence of Anatole France. The general inconvenience may even be doubled: to the element of personality may be added the element of race. In truth, the English breed is no more under obligation to like the author of "Thaïs" than to like the author of that egregious architectural monument to Parisian taste, the Opéra; it is at liberty, in either case, to set aside the conventions of praise. There are elements both in French literature and in French art that "turn back" the Anglo-Saxon blood. With reason—to Anglo-Saxons. Why not say so?

Yet these are days of internationalism, and failure to generalize oneself into a cosmopolite may bring opprobrium and mortification. We must approach Anatole France as a great figure whose validity and weight are recognized and accepted everywhere. Disrelish abroad, and even protest at home, will in the end count for little. The "Opinions"¹ of M. France and the mode employed for their promulgation are now everywhere well-known. It remains to note in what manner they have been set down by a disciple and in what manner translated for the English-speaking world.

These opinions were tried *viva voce*, in M. France's own *salon*, upon a small circle of friends and a larger circle of visitors, preliminary to their appearance in book form. All this was in the days before the war. One may assume that "La Révolte des Anges" and "Les Dieux ont Soif," together with many predecessors, were talked off with a high philosophical fluency through many years. I say "many predecessors" and "many years" since M. France was practically his developed self before the age of forty: a sufficiently full expression of his ideas may be found in "Le Jardin d'Epicure" and in "Les Opinions de M. l'Abbé Jérôme Coignard," or even earlier. The "Opinions" in *propria persona*, as given in the present volume, represent the piety and assiduity of that Parisian Boswell, M. Paul Gsell, who had the run of the establishment for many years. M. Gsell gives us the house, the servant, the furniture, the bibelots, the *habitués*. If he had not gone in so strongly for effectivism, he might be accepted more completely. His first appearance at the Villa Saïd is coincident with that of the barber. Though the great man was only having his beard trimmed it is found necessary to introduce razor flourishes and the spattering of lather on precious manuscripts. Later on, through several chapters otherwise valuable, we are annoyed by the presence of "Professor Brown," an Anglo-Saxon figure of fun from Australia—a dunderheaded foil for his host's brilliancy. Yet such features, and others, make for vivacity and variety. In fact, the writer has an immense command of "twist of the wrist"; not a page of his two hundred and forty odd but is beguiling—unless one choose to regret a few wherein the *esprit gaulois* effervesces a bit too pronouncedly.

The translation keeps step with the vivacity of the

¹"The Opinions of Anatole France." Recorded by Paul Gsell; Translated by Ernest Boyd. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

original. Yet one who has admired Mr. Boyd in the weekly reviews and elsewhere might wish that, as a newcomer, he had not tried to be so whole-heartedly "American." Thus, M. France is made to say "all right," when "very well" would have been better. "Onto" is given frequent countenance. One finds "barnstormer," and "ward" (for *arrondissement*). Joan of Arc, as a "mascot" for the soldiery, may be but a borrowing from Mr. W. L. George; and such spellings as "iridescent," "acquiline," and "blueish" may perhaps be charged to other accounts.

M. France, son of a father with royalist sympathies and of a mother devoted to the saints and their histories, might almost have been a later Chateaubriand, but he wheeled away sharply from the indicated course, to continue the line of hard-headed, clear-eyed scepticism that leads down from Rabelais through Montaigne, Molière, Voltaire and Renan. Add to this a sensuous nature, addicted to the beautiful, and a modern feeling for social amelioration, and the kaleidoscope—both rationalized and sensualized—is nearly complete. Its brilliant shiftings make the present book. The philosophical sceptic, the ironist, the epicurean, the scholar and bibliophile, the socialist, the hedonist, the virtuoso of style—all these revolve to charm, to dazzle, and to offend.

The chief figures in the book, aside from the bewildered but persistent Professor Brown, are Remy de Gourmont and Auguste Rodin. A kind of veil is dropped over Gourmont—in order, perhaps, that one great light may not dim another; but Rodin is permitted a full illumination. Here we meet not only irony and a light, sly malice, but—rare in an eminent Frenchman and most grateful to *nous autres*—a little fun. All of these unite in M. France's account (or legend) of the genesis of Rodin's "Victor Hugo." One morning a group of journalists came to see the thing in clay—Hugo upright on a rock, with Muses and ocean deities circling about. But during the night an open window and a driving rain had reduced the huge group to formless pulp. Rodin frantic; but the visiting journalists complaisant, equal to any adjustment: "Marvellous! Victor Hugo rising from a bed of slime—what a symbol, what a stroke of genius! Master, you have tried to represent the ignominy of an epoch in which the inspiration of the bard alone has survived, noble and pure!" There are also some delightful grinds—again from M. France's repertory—at Rodin's practice of collaboration. He tells of the photographer who came, in the sculptor's absence, to photograph the various masterpieces, who was passed along rapidly from one work to another, and who finally fled without having found a single piece that was indubitably the work of Rodin alone. On the other hand, Rodin took his revenge in one blunt remark. While he praised M. France's wit and enjoyed the charm of his style, he had but scanty esteem for the varying shades of his thought, which he considered specious and instable. "He has the gravy, but not the rabbit," pronounced Rodin. Such are the amenities as pictured among the great of the Ville Lumière. The bust of France which Rodin was commissioned to make by the Ministry of Fine Arts was never even begun. Need we wonder?

France's trend of mind and tone of thought have not escaped censure from the French themselves. M. Guérard is one protestant among several. He finds in "Le Lys Rouge" a society for which old-fashioned morality no longer exists. Indeed, M. France leads one to the notion that a code of ethics is merely a code of politeness, that the one great virtue is *savoir-vivre*,

and that a man is to be measured by his taste. "Between pages of serene wisdom and generous pity one finds," says his critic, severely, "evidences of a growing disease. There is nothing so distressing," he goes on to say, "as the eroticism of an imagination which sullies what it can no longer enjoy." Nor does the "frigid salaciousness" of "L'Ile des Pingouins" go unrebuked. On our own side of the water, one acute critic and moralist sees in M. France a champion of intellectual emancipation who, by his libertinism, has compromised the cause of liberty.

Even M. France's celebrated "pity" has been brought into question, and reduced to a benevolent contempt: it was Coignard who "despised men tenderly." Yet this is the France who defended Dreyfus, who again and again has emerged from his secluded library to mount the platform at Socialist meetings, who (like some other agnostics) is more interested in religion than many a believer, who in the earliest days of 1914 maintained the uselessness of war, and who is sympathetic enough with mankind's general advance to forecast the future not according to the activities of the great but according to the confused movements of the labouring masses. His views on war, in particular, are given at full length in the present volume. Highly characteristic is the remark that a country is not only a collection of radiant ideas, but also the business address of a host of financial enterprises many of which have little to recommend them. This recalls the cutting anagram on the title-page of "Penguin Island."

While M. France's ideas on war have been modified by recent events, his views on the French Academy have probably remained unchanged, and M. Gsell's three chapters on this subject offer the raciest and most characteristic pages of his book. They abound in anecdotes, edifying and the reverse—sometimes deplorably the reverse. To the literary aspirant it must all seem as it might seem to the devotee who chanced to view the high altar from behind, with the brooms and buckets of the sacristan informally present. These passages, and the book as a whole, tend to confirm the impression that M. France is a man who is intent, first and foremost, on safeguarding his record for astuteness against the myriad specious manifestations which, in human life and society, prove too much for many of us. But even this canny course exacts its price.

HENRY B. FULLER.

NEW WORLD ANTHROPOLOGY.

THE re-issuing of Dr. Clark Wissler's treatise on New World anthropology¹ is a matter for congratulation, precisely because the book must have proved a disappointment to some of its readers; for it is the sub-title rather than the main caption that accurately suggests its contents. There is no attempt here to assemble and to dwell lovingly on the more picturesque phenomena of aboriginal life. The emphasis throughout is on problems, solved or awaiting solution, while the compact topical summary of fact in each chapter serves as a mere prelude. Again and again, the seeker for more detail is relegated to the descriptive sources. In other words, somewhere in the English-speaking world there is a reading-public interested in theory.

Like most synthetic works of equal scope, "The American Indian" betrays a certain lack of balance. As was inevitable in the case of an ethnologist whose special work lies north of Mexico, the southern half of the hemisphere receives comparatively scant treatment; yet this is in part justified by the vast gaps in our knowledge

¹"The American Indian." An Introduction to the Anthropology of the New World. Clark Wissler. New York: Oxford University Press. \$5.00.

of that area, and the somewhat chaotic condition of the information available on special sections of it. However, it would have been interesting to have the author's comments on Father Schmidt's application of Graebner's scheme to South America, since this bears directly on the much-mooted question whether American Indian culture can be in any appreciable measure connected with alien civilizations. In other respects, it must be admitted that a resolute attempt has been made, even in this field, to bring the book up to date, even Erland Nordenskiöld's recent investigations being utilized in the revised edition.

In the treatment of North America, what favouritism appears is not geographical but topical. Although he is one of the leading specialists in Plains Indian ethnography, Dr. Wissler has been rather impartial in the allotment of space to the several culture-areas; on the other hand, the material phases of life seem unduly emphasized as compared with the less tangible phenomena of religion and social organization. Not that any wise reader will wish to see the masterly summaries of economic and industrial activity curtailed, but that he can not but wish for a fuller discussion of features whose obscurity seems to demand all the illumination possible. I hasten to add that while the limitations of space necessarily preclude exhaustive treatment, especially of such intricate questions as those connected with kinship-nomenclature, Dr. Wissler represents on the whole with great fairness the results achieved by specialists. He rightly emphasizes the geographical distribution of modes of social grouping, and suggests its historical implications; a definite organization with paternal or maternal descent being linked with the more complex cultures, while the ruder tribes are almost uniformly loosely organized. However, the chronological inference from this state of affairs, which has been vigorously asserted by Swanton and all subsequent American investigators, might have been stated more explicitly for the benefit of the general reader. On the other hand, the discussion of religion, over-concise as it is, brings out with exemplary lucidity such points as the fundamental importance of visionary experiences, and the distinction between the priest and the shaman.

A whole chapter is properly devoted to the far from entertaining but indispensable enumeration of the traits characterizing the culture-areas into which students have come to divide the New World. The author recognizes the division as arbitrary, but believes in the reality of culture-centres incarnating the cultural ideas, as it were, in a Platonic sense. The relevant problems are so significant that once more one longs for greater expansiveness. For example, are the areas or centres equivalent, or must some be reckoned as more fundamental than others? Sapir raised this question some years ago, and so did Kroeber in what amounted to a dichotomy of all North American Indian cultures, with the Pacific Coast tribes definitely set off from the remainder of the continent. Obviously, the answer is important from the chronological point of view assumed by Dr. Wissler as well as by other serious students of the subject.

The two chapters on "Correlation of Classifications" and "Theories of Culture-Origin" introduce the reader to some of the most fascinating and most hotly-debated theories, such as the relations of culture, language and race, the significance of environmental influences, and the organic or accidental association of culture-traits. Readers who are theoretically inclined will do well to ponder Dr. Wissler's formulations, and to examine them in the light of the literature cited.

Finally, Dr. Wissler's conclusions concerning the essential independence of New World origins seem to me to represent by far the most sensible view that can be taken. They will doubtless be assailed by the more ardent spirits of the Graebner school on the Continent, and by the Rivers-Elliott Smith school in Britain, as an exemplification of the Monroe Doctrine attitude that, strangely enough, has been imputed to American scholars in this field, which is so remote from the possibility of any

sentimental bias. Why, indeed, should any living American care whether the Maya and the Inca Indians evolved their higher civilization with or without extra-American aid? Indeed, the position commonly assumed in this country has been strangely misunderstood abroad. Instead of a dogmatic scepticism, there has been not only patient waiting, but cheerful acceptance of anything that really resembles evidence. Dr. Wissler, like other ethnologists, admits not only that Old World traits were carried into America by the primeval human immigrants, but that recent accretions have been derived from the same source; that the sinew-backed bow, for example, is an importation from Asia that spread over the western part of North America but failed to enter the southern sister-continent, or even the region east of the Mississippi. What he, in conjunction with practically every other responsible Americanist, denies, is that similarly convincing testimony has been produced in favour of the Asiatic or Oceanian origin of American agriculture, pottery, weaving, or metallurgy. Surely, the so-called dynamic view of historical relations according to which an incoming influence might, without actually transmitting the techniques themselves, act as a stimulus to their re-invention, involves such vagueness as to be of little practical utility in tracing cultural relations. Anything and everything could be proved on that basis.

Dr. Wissler's book, conservative in essentials in spite of an occasional audacity in details, will continue to serve a triple purpose. It will present the serious lay reader with the solitary up-to-date account of the American Indian from a scientific point of view. It will stimulate the professional student to work on problems here formulated for his consideration. But it will also appeal to the intermediate group of scholars cultivating neighbouring or related fields. The biologist, the Egyptologist, the investigator of Chinese or Babylonian civilization, can all profit from a study of this synthesis; indeed, some of them have already gratefully acknowledged their obligations to it.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

"THE POETIC MIND."

PROFESSOR PRESCOTT was one of the first critics in this country to emphasize the similarity between the poetic faculty and the dream-state of the average man. Ten years ago he published a brochure, "Poetry and Dreams," of which the present volume is an expansion but not an improvement. Although his early booklet was as punctilious as is his recent volume in excluding references to sex in connexion with poetry, it was a simpler, more diverting and less cumbrous performance.

"The Poetic Mind" is a sort of anthology of what critics and poets have said concerning the influence of the unconscious life of the poet on his poetic composition. The author contributes very little that is new to the theory that a literary work is largely the result of an unconscious process. He is not misled into thinking that because a large number of manuscripts of famous poets show numerous corrections and interlineations, that therefore a finished poem is entirely a conscious work. Nor does Professor Prescott bore us with trivial discussions about technique or prosody. Though he is inclined to look with favour upon the use of conventional metres, he does not insist upon hair-splitting in the matter of vowels and accents. Moreover, he has the art of making résumés of his views; his illustrations are always apt; in his chapter on "The Poetic Madness and Catharsis" he shows a true insight into the function of poetry, and he is highly entertaining in "The Formation of Imaginary Characters" as he proceeds to read the personalities of the writers in their fictitious creations. He pays due tribute to such true critics of poetry as Sidney, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and Poe; and one is glad to see that he recognizes the profundity of Keble, whose views, in "Occasional Papers and Reviews" and especially in "De Poeticæ Vi Medica,"

1 "The Poetic Mind." F. C. Prescott. New York: The Macmillan Company, \$2.00.

are among the most illuminating ever advanced since Aristotle. His familiarity with other literatures than English is limited. For example, on three different occasions he assigns Gautier's "La Morte Amoureuse" to Flaubert, who wrote only three short stories in his life. On the whole, however, one has no fault to find with his literary equipment.

One begins to quarrel with him in his treatment of the imagination. His three chapters on that subject are the most tedious and involved in the whole work. Instead of identifying imagination wholly with the unconscious or with unconscious memory or ecstasy, he wanders off, and accepts the stereotyped view that imagination is the mental power of forming images. True, he believes that these images are coloured by other images which are already stored in the mind; but he is so impressed with the idea of the images that he loses sight of the real essential of poetry, which is ecstasy, or ideas illumined by ecstasy. And what can we think of a critic who at this late day accepts the thesis which we read for our college-entrance requirements in Macaulay's essay on Milton, that "as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines"? This fallacy springs from the effete idea that imagination is synonymous with imagery, in which the savage mind is prolific.

Professor Prescott's great failing is his timidity. He will not drive home his lesson. He is a follower of Freud and is apparently ashamed of the fact. He expressly ignores the most essential doctrines of psycho-analysis while pretending to embrace them. Imagine a Freudian writing three hundred pages on the unconscious and the emotions that make up the substance of poetry, and devoting three pages to love and none to sex. The chapter, "Symbols and Figures," is the lamest apology for the apparent but mildly expressed belief that, shockingly enough, symbols do—*horribile dictu*—sometimes suggest a sexual analogy. Professor Prescott takes good care—in fact a studied care—never to get close to the fire, and thus one feels that his work is lacking both in profundity and originality. It would have been far better had he omitted Freud altogether, as he might have done, since it was not Freud who suggested the importance of the unconscious in literature. Why did not Professor Prescott follow Jung instead who deliberately and premeditatedly avoids sexual interpretations?

It is a matter of regret, in any case, that he has not been bolder, for his book is most certainly a welcome and necessary contribution to literary criticism. The truth is that he has too naïve a belief in the value of the study of "psychology" in connexion with the workings of the poetic mind, a fact which accounts for many of his dull pages. Nevertheless, the book will do much to spread the view of poetry which many people are reluctant to accept—although it was Plato's—namely: that poetry is related to the workings of the unconscious life as we find it in visions, reveries, dreams.

ALBERT MORDELL.

OUR HELLENIC HERITAGE.

ALTHOUGH there is no lack of able books on the Greek tradition, a peculiar value attaches to the present work.¹ In it, Oxford, the home of Greek culture and of lost causes, has reaffirmed her faith by means of a collaborative survey of our Hellenic heritage in terms of arts and sciences. Nothing of the kind exists, and nothing equally authoritative is likely to supersede this work for many years. If the introductory chapter by Professor Gilbert Murray, on "The Value of Greece to the Future of the World," scarcely rises to its high argument, one can praise with little abatement virtually all the chapters that follow: Dean Inge on religion, Professor Burnet on philosophy, Sir Thomas Heath on mathematics and astronomy, Professor D'Arcy Thompson on natural science, Mr. Charles Singer on biology and on medicine, Mr. R. W. Livingstone (the editor of the book) on literature, Professor Toyn-

bee on history, Professor Zimmern on political thought, Professor Percy Gardner on art, and Sir Reginald Blomfield on architecture. For a unified, superficial, and eminently popular treatment of the legacy of Greece, one must go elsewhere; the present work is not notably unified, nor is it superficial, nor is it eminently popular. It should be read only by those who are prepared for hard going, or by those for whom the going is easy because of a moderate acquaintance with the subject.

The contributors make it quite plain that our Western civilization is essentially a Greek civilization. The modern deity, "science," says Dean Inge, "is the eldest and dearest child of the Greek spirit." Professor Toynbee says: "The poetry and philosophy and social life and political institutions of ancient Greece and the modern West may conceivably constitute a single species when contrasted with the institutions of other civilizations. A modern West European or American may have a greater innate appreciation for Homer than for the Old Testament or for Socrates than for Buddha or Confucius." Elsewhere he summarizes the plot of ancient Greek civilization conceived as a tragedy: it runs from the eleventh century B. C., to the seventh century A. D., Rome being merely part of the third act; and since the Renaissance, of course, the Greek tradition has been dominant. So dominant has it been, indeed, that more than one of the authors considers the question whether by this time we have not perhaps absorbed the Greeks, and so no longer need to study them; a question on which Percy Gardner writes: "If we trust merely to the reflections of the Greek spirit in modern literature and art, we shall be acting as the Roman Church in its darker ages has acted, in shutting away from the people recourse to the primary documents of religion, and obliging them to be content with such interpretations of those documents as the ruling hierarchy judged to be useful. We must retain the right of appeal to our classical examples, whether in religion, in literature, or in art." This would seem to be a weighty retort to the arguments of all our modern Huxleys.

Another idea that emerges very clearly is that the Greek intelligence maintained the holy alliance of human faculties, whereas we divorce them and then marvel at their want of harmony. For the Greek unity in variety, we substitute variety in discord. "In their practice of athletics," to take a simple example, "the Greeks did not, like the moderns, think only of the number of feet an athlete could leap, or the space of time he would take to run a distance. They thought also of his *form*, of the rhythmic and harmonious character of his action. If an athlete showed ugly form, they would hiss him." Compare the behaviour of our fans and rooters! Again, it is not only the churchman Dean Inge who reminds us that to the Greek, "the object of philosophy was to teach a man to live well, and with that object to think rightly about God, the world, and himself"; likewise the philosopher, Professor Burnet, remarks: "At its best, it was never divorced from science, while it found a way of reconciling itself both with the interests of the practical life and with mysticism, without in any way abating the claims of the intellect." On the next page, he states as the chief aim of philosophy, "the discovery of the right way of life and the conversion of people to it." Think of it! "Way of life"!—shades of the Hindus! "Conversion"!—shades of Christianity! Not only the puritanical Plato but likewise the scientific Aristotle held to this ideal. Note, once more, the linking of politics and ethics; how Aristotle, for instance, grounds his "Politics" in his "Nicomachean Ethics," investigating both with disinterested exactness. Where, exclaims Professor Zimmern, "Where, in Hobbes or in Bentham, in Locke or Burke or Rousseau, in the individualists or the Socialists, the Hegelians or the anarchists, do we find, until quite recently, a really wide and open-minded attempt to see man as he is? Our ears are assailed by a chorus of catchwords, based on some arbitrary and ephemeral estimate of man's reactions to outward events and institutions." No, Rousseau's "Man was born free, and is everywhere in chains,"

¹ "The Legacy of Greece." Edited by R. W. Livingstone. Oxford: Oxford University Press.

does not take us very far. Finally, where we divorce art and ethics, the Greeks fused the two in a vital harmony. Art is not mere unlet expression, spontaneous overflow, bird's caroling, or child's play, "but for the production of good and lasting works of art, discipline and law are necessary." "It is precisely the Dorian ideas of discipline, of measure, of self-control, which, entering into the art of Greece, made it a noble and continuous development, instead of a mere brilliant flash." Would it not be true to say that all art that is not in the main classical (that is, radically Greek) proceeds by brilliant flashes, each extinguishing the one before? NORMAN FOERSTER.

SHORTER NOTICES.

IN the externals of style and treatment, Johannes Buchholtz shows a marked resemblance to Bojer. He has some of the same skill in viewing a character again and again, adding something to the portrait each time, so that the reader achieves a rounded conception without being aware precisely when or how he got it. He has Bojer's simplicity of development, and more than a trace of his manner in filling in the background. He lacks Bojer's ability to put vitality into his characters; they fade out almost as rapidly as they attain full stature. "Egholm and His God"¹ opens like a moving picture, and the movie-technique is never quite dropped. In consequence, one has a succession of impressions, clear enough but not cumulative in interest, and with no ultimate unity. The whole effect is inevitably vague and somewhat fantastic—the result of a method which wavers between realism and fantasy without definitely accepting either. L. B.

Two books of recent vintage dealing with the technical side of fiction-writing disclose such diametrically opposed approaches to the subject that they may profitably be considered together. One² is the result of an interesting psychological experiment, by which the authors sought to test and foster the creative temperament; the other³ seeks to make short-story writers by the old process of "exercises" and "drill." The contribution jointly made by Dr. Slosson and Dr. Downey has the merit of being novel in conception, stimulating, and, best of all, not too serious. The authors have hit upon an assortment of ideas, not held together by any theory and not offered with any overwhelming sense of their imperishability. Consequently, "Plots and Personalities" is suggestive rather than dogmatic, a book to dip into for contacts rather than calisthenics. Mr. Clark, however, has followed the beaten trail, and permitted himself little informality and no bypaths. His manual is carried out in the deadening manner of painstaking dissection; a process which can leave the most interesting short story woefully mutilated, but not one whit more understood. L. B.

THE slamming of doors has long been one of the favourite acts of symbolism on the stage. The door used to slam on the heroine turned out into the blizzard by the irate father; but since Nora Helmer left her husband, it has come increasingly to symbolize the revolt of woman. Mr. Galsworthy in his latest published play, "A Family Man,"⁴ uses it for this purpose. First the younger daughter, with a "film face," leaves, following her sister who has set up a studio of her own before the play begins. Then the wife, after enduring for twenty-three years the selfish tyranny of a domineering husband, rebels when she finds him kissing the French maid, and again the door slams. "I've never grudged you girls any comfort or pleasure," the father says, pleading for his elder daughter's return. "Except wills of our own," she answers. The picture of English middle-class family life is as unlovely as any Samuel Butler ever drew, and somewhat more garish. The play, in fact, lacks the serene reticence of Mr. Galsworthy's earlier plays; there is as little reserve as in the divorce stories of the scandal sheet. Furthermore, no single character wins the sympathy of the reader; the sharp-tongued frankness of the daughters and the mild sarcasms of the wife, repel almost as much as the brutality and the red-eyed tantrums of the "family man" himself. Here again the play presents contrast to the author's earlier work; instead of the usual tolerance, the unpartisan presentment of both

sides, there is intolerance of either. The drabness that of itself gains pity for a Jane Clegg, or for Mrs. Jones in "The Silver Box," is lacking, and there is nothing to compensate. John Builder, the irascible husband and father, is the only character to leave an impression of being completely presented. The others are sketches in a single tone. Except for the dying away or fading out of scenes after the climax has passed, instead of conventionally "effective" curtains, and except for the fact that we get mere report of a *scène à faire* in which the family man strikes his daughter with a walking-stick and gives a black eye to the policeman she summons, the play is more theatrical in the derogatory sense than is customary with Mr. Galsworthy. R. A. P.

THOSE who are in search of reasons for believing in the present industrial system will find Mr. Alston¹ a source of wisdom and a dispenser of light—that is, if they do not probe too critically into his premises. What he contends is that the worker gets a larger share of the total product of industry than he would if he were working unaided and alone; though why it requires any argument to support such a thesis one is at a loss to understand. What Mr. Alston completely ignores are the disadvantages and losses which the worker has suffered as the result of having become a cog in the industrial machine. When a man ceases to work for himself, does he not give up something of his independence, of the satisfaction of creating, of the chance to determine his working conditions and hours, of bargaining power? Can these limitations be compensated by terms of wages, even when the wages are fairly apportioned to the increase in production effected; and what of the workers' other count against the present system, that it has taken from all but a favoured few their freedom of access to those natural resources which are the raw material of wealth? But why, thinks Mr. Alston, should we be so finical about trifles? Have we not a system that *works*? (The italics are his.) Start to remedy matters and you will kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. We are to-day, however, a long way from the free competition that Mr. Alston takes for granted. Its unhindered action is prevented not only by the volumes of statutes passed by Congress and the State legislatures, but by the growth of group-coöperation, especially in the trade unions. If labour was to be organized for profit, it had also to be organized for protection and power. Finally, the author is singularly unaware of the creative ferment at work in society, which takes unreasonably small account of impossibilities, and which a hundred years from now will leave his brisk apology for things as they are, one of the curios of a bygone era. G. B. K.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

IT was Emerson, I think, who laid down for himself the good rule never to read a book that is less than a year old; and for those of us who read to live and do not live to read, the value of this practice can not be overestimated. A faithful observance of it would more than anything, perhaps, redeem the profound idleness of most of the time which we now spend in reading. I have often wondered why some literary publication did not, in pursuance of this doctrine, make the experiment of reviewing no books that are less than a year old. Even from the publisher's point of view, I believe the results would be good. There are hundreds of publications breathlessly keeping up with new books, good and bad alike; publishers could well afford to encourage a paper that would help to keep alive some of their old ones. When the soviet system of government comes in, and I am appointed Commissar of Literature, my first official act shall be to select two or three publications, and promulgate a ukase forbidding them, under penalty of immediate suspension, to review any book that has not been on the market for a full calendar year. Then I shall resign and accept the literary editorship of one of them, and enjoy myself hugely for the rest of my life.

BUT, owing to circumstances, this great service to literature will probably remain unperformed for some time, and I shall have to keep on as I am now doing, stealthily dragging an old good book out into notice as often as I

¹ "Egholm and His God." Johannes Buchholtz. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

² "Plots and Personalities." Edwin E. Slosson and June E. Downey. New York: The Century Company. \$1.75.

³ "A Manual of the Short Story Art." Glenn Clark. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.55.

⁴ "A Family Man." John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

¹ "How It All Fits Together." Leonard Alston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

can, under some pretence or other that is not altogether specious. The book I now have in mind is Sir Harry Johnston's "The Man Who Did the Right Thing"; it was published by the Macmillan Company one year ago last April. I suspect—I do not know—that it was not very widely read in this country. It is a book that must be read, as the works of Turgenev and Anatole France must be read, with the constant aid of a trained and informed imagination; and most of us, probably, are not well prepared to meet such demands, and are inclined to resist them. Sir Harry Johnston is a kind of modern Abelard in the extraordinary range of his knowledge and activities. As explorer, diplomat, geographer, naturalist, ethnologist, linguist, he is not only "the man unto whom it was given to know everything," but has tried his hand in a practical way at nearly everything—finally even, like William de Morgan, at novel-writing. This novel was well summed up for me by a friend as giving the best possible view of the world in essence as it appears to Anglo-Saxon eyes; and in order to make the most of it, one must have a correspondingly catholic intellectual curiosity and, as I said, a rather highly gifted imagination. It is therefore perhaps not quite a book for novel-readers whose minds are only passively exercised by their reading. For certain classes, however—and they are numerous enough to make a large body of readers—the book is extraordinarily interesting and delightful.

I SHOULD like to go on and say a great deal more about this book in a general way, but it is a year and a half old, and the spectre of its age stares me out of countenance with its fishy eyes; so I must hurry to my special point of pretext or pretence. Our writers of fiction are busy with the "novel that has a purpose," and their preoccupation with this type of novel is likely to continue for some time. It is to these and none other, as Rabelais says, that I dedicate my observations. I wish to urge this book of Sir Harry Johnston's upon their attention as a notable example showing just how the novel with a purpose should be written. In a word, the novel with a purpose should be written in a way to make it utterly impossible to say whether or not the author has a distinct social purpose in mind; and this is what Sir Harry Johnston has done. He has made a showing of imperialism and imperialistic rivalries that transcends in vividness all the pamphleteering that I ever read. He turns the British Foreign Office, and by implication all other Foreign Offices, inside out. He sketches representative English upper-class ideals and motives as something to make one's blood run cold. He draws such a picture of the great branch of organized Christianity engaged in foreign missionary service, that bishops must writhe at it and conventicles groan. Yet he has done all this, and much more, with such excellent literary skill that one simply does not know whether in producing on his readers such profoundly unfavourable impressions of all these matters, he was actuated by any social or moral purpose of any kind.

MORE than anyone, Turgenev had this art; Hardy also has it. "The Annals of a Sportsman" is one of the most powerful and effective pieces of propaganda ever written; yet one may go through it from end to end without finding one place where the author injects himself into the narrative. He never preaches, as Dickens and Tolstoy do for whole pages at a time—effective preaching, great preaching, but none the less preaching. He never moralizes. He never editorializes, never for the sake of moral effect puts a "slant" on his narrative that turns it a hair's breadth away from reality. He is never judicial, never undertakes, even by implication, to distribute praise or blame; indeed, he is profoundly unconcerned with either praise or blame. It is on all these accounts that the "Annals of a Sportsman" must be read with the aid of imagination. The American purpose-novel, from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" down, postulates no imagination, no intellectual curiosity. Its plot, characters, situations,

are set forth for the sheer conveyance of the author's moral or social purpose. This purpose appears everywhere; dialogue and descriptive narrative are blue with it. When the reader goes through chapter after chapter written to suit that purpose, he is fully aware every moment that to suit that purpose they were written; and when one undertakes to measure the effect of these novels as propaganda, one must make allowance for this impression upon the reader. They have a vogue and are much talked about, and what results they get are quickly gotten; but I never thought that their actual effect is deep or lasting. The reader instinctively hardens in resistance to the author, and the more vehemently and insistently the author promotes his social purpose the more does this resistance stiffen.

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON follows the tradition of Turgenev. He has no apparent interest in showing that the policy of the British Foreign Office is either good or bad. I defy any reader to say, on the strength of this book, that he has any opinion on the matter. He is interested in showing what that policy is and how it works. Again, he does not care to show that the relations between Christian foreign missions and imperialist enterprise are either proper or improper; he merely shows what they are and how they become established. He does not pretend to influence the reader's opinion of the morals of war; he simply shows how wars come to pass. He does not come within a thousand miles of the question of responsibility, or stir the reader's indignation at any class or group; and here Sir Harry Johnston, like Turgenev and Hardy, seems to me to be the most effective of propagandists. The thoughtful and imaginative reader lays aside this book with a clear sense that imperialism is not deliberately devised, but *happens*; that wars are not hatched, but *happen*; that the callous levity of upper-class thought and behaviour is a product of causes lying quite outside the scope of individual control; and so on. In other words, granted a certain economic system, certain results must follow from it, and indignation, moralizing, preaching, editorializing against those results is mere idleness. Sir Harry's missionaries are an impressive study, and one takes leave of them well aware that they are what they are through no fault of their own, but because they represent a civilization which is not, and in the nature of its circumstances can not possibly be, either Christian or enlightened.

So I offer this book to our American novelists—those of them, at least, who are concerned with the purpose-novel—as a first-class model in method and temper. It is hard for me to refrain from remarking upon its other literary excellences, but I must stick to my point. Among all our novels of purpose and propaganda, let us have at least one or two that shall be works of art as well. Their propaganda will be all the more effective, even though their results may not be so quick and showy. The quantitative test is not applicable to their influence. The frontal attack of the "Main Street" type goes against its Verdun in a conspicuous and spectacular way; its guns thunder and its cohorts surge. The propaganda-novel which is also a work of art, works slowly and silently; it saps and mines, honeycombs and disintegrates. Because it is a work of art, it lives a long time, and while it lives it works. Slowly and insensibly it dissolves old prejudices which the other type only hardens; it stimulates reflection and observation, which the other type discourages; it weakens the habit of taking the appearance of things as the measure of their reality, which the other type strengthens. There is plenty of room for the other type of purpose-novel; they are very popular just now and those who write them do well out of them both in money and reputation. Why might not one or two of these writers, now that their position is secure, try their hand at a purpose-novel which shall have the qualities that I have pointed out in "The Man Who Did the Right Thing"?

**An appreciative voice from
Chicago:**

I SHOULD like to have what you call a dollar's worth of the *Freeman*. I enclose the currency. It seems to me I have almost a dollar's worth out of the sample copy which you sent.

**On a picture post-card from
Cologne:**

It doesn't seem strange to this reader to use a souvenir post card in writing to the *Freeman*. One can be careless with old friends. I can buy a good piece of the Rhine for the price of a subscription, but I couldn't enjoy it without the *Freeman*—so I have asked a friend to send you a check renewing my subscription.

**A worker on a daily newspaper
of national fame expresses
himself thus:**

If I can do so without becoming incoherent in my enthusiasm, I should like to take this opportunity to congratulate you and your co-workers upon the production of what I am sure is the best journal of opinion in English. . . . I have several generations of Scotch conservatism and hard-headedness behind me, but I am sure that I will yet be convinced that it would be better business for me to exchange my watch for a pawn ticket and a year of the *Freeman* than religiously to save fifteen cents a week for it out of the weekly wage that [—] allows me for being one of his collection of mental prostitutes.

**This is from a New York City
reader:**

We have enjoyed a friend's gift of the *Freeman* for six months so much that we are renewing our subscription, in spite of the fact that the item for periodicals in our budget has long been exhausted.

Alert Roanoke, Virginia:

I ENJOYED very much reading your magazine and beg to say that I am in full accord with the liberal views that pervade all of your articles. Another great feature about your magazine is the admirably good English that one does not find in every periodical of this kind.

**Aberdeen, So. Dak., may
simplify its spelling, but it
knows what it likes:**

I HAVE been 'borrowing' the *Freeman* and reading it intermittently for some time but I find it won't work any longer. It is *absolutely too good* to miss. I want a copy all my own—one that I can mark and reread. It is the sort of a publication that makes one mad thru [sic!] and thru at times, and keeps one stirred up *all* the time, because it is so frank. In these days when so many publications are dodging real issues altogether or apologizing when forced to touch on them, ever so lightly at times when it might 'hurt business,' it is really refreshing to get hold of one that speaks right out. I congratulate you on your publication and wish to prove my sincerity by enclosing my check for one year's subscription.

You go to a picture-exhibition to get an idea of what is taking place in the world of art, not to see how well the old achievement has reproduced itself on a new canvas, nor how outrageously last year's atrocity may have outdone itself. The old stuff and the new trash have their proper place in the show, but they constitute only a part. By the time you have waded through the morass you are too weary to make an assessment of the exhibit as a whole.

Suppose, however, a trusted critic were to say, "Come, let us go to a show out of which I have weeded the dead ones, and the howlers, and in which I have left only the living, meaningful paintings. Come, and share the result of my taste."

You'd go, of course. You might not agree with your friend's choice, but you would appreciate the pure air of sound judgment.

Let the *FREEMAN* be your guide in the gallery of the intellect: the product of the world's alert and creative minds is distilled and sublimated for you in its columns. The editors sift, select, arrange and compose for enlightened readers, not with a view to saving the readers from thinking, but to make them think.

Introduce your friends to this well-lighted, well-hung gallery. Do it by filling in this form:

I enclose \$1.00 and nominate, for ten weeks' membership in the *Freeman* gallery,

Signed.....

**Pullman, Wash., speaks for the
North-west:**

It gives me great pleasure, not to part with the six dollars, but to know that I am going to have the *Freeman* for another fifty-two weeks. So you will understand the enclosed renewal-blank and the p. o. order. If you get all the mental vibrations that are sent your way for success why it must be assured, for each week sure sets a bunch thinking.

**Canny Kokomo, Ind., is
forehanded:**

ENCLOSED find my check for three dollars to cover another half-year renewal. Whenever a period for which I have paid in advance has come to an end, you must not fail to remember that I am one of your life-subscribers and that, should I suddenly keel over after getting heavily in your debt through my negligence or my lack of ready cash, just put in your claims against my estate (a watch, some old clothes, etc., will likely be found lying around which will sell for enough to meet all legitimate claims).

The *Freeman* has become so much a part of my life that I know I shall be disconsolate and inconsolable in Heaven unless each week I am able to receive the spiritual refreshment of its good sense, good humour, and good cheer.

Minneapolis concurs:

ENCLOSED please find check for three dollars—the second half year subscription for the *Freeman*, which I consider the best weekly in America.

**From a sojourner in a well-
known penitentiary:**

I HOLD the *Freeman* without a superior—perhaps without a peer, unless it be the *Nation* and *Athenaeum* of our cousins. I am perfectly sure that but a few copies of the *Freeman* would have made the 'Black Hole of Calcutta' endurable, if not comfortable, and my own donjon is become a very Mermaid Tavern by reason of its genial presence. Why, that editorial 'A Great Discovery' in your 5 July issue could alone be depended upon to shorten a sentence! More power to your arm! Indeed, I have been flattering myself upon a somewhat belated discovery of the unpardonable sin: that any pretendedly *thinking* person should go about unarmed of the *Freeman*!

I would like to say further: that the copies I have been getting have enjoyed a most strenuous life—thanks to that good paper—and are read until they yield up a right gallant ghost—my friends are more partial to them than children to Castoria, and the bed-roll of my enemies is sensibly decreased. Rank flattery, perhaps you are saying—or thinking, but can't you imagine the gusto with which my Semitic friends are greeting that editorial, 'Weeds of Bitterness' in the current issue?

This is a whale of a business letter, but I'm hoping you'll forgive this boiling over of a long-repressed enthusiasm. Assuring you of a very real appreciation of your generosity.